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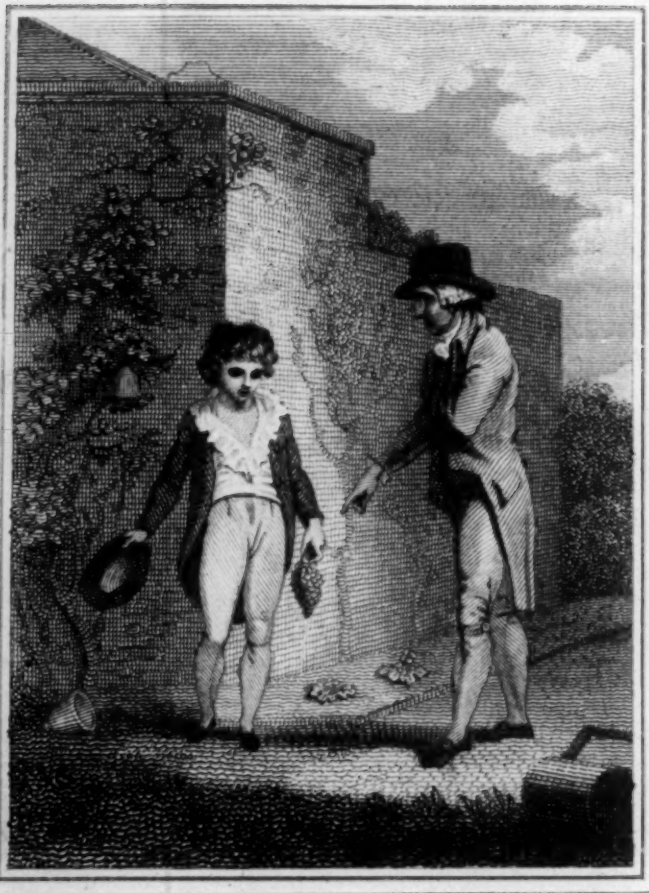
TALES

OF

THE COTTAGE.

[Price Two Shillings.]



Thurston Inv.t *Dadley Sculp:*

False Indulgence

Published May 1798. by Vernor & Hood

TALES

OF

THE COTTAGE;

OR

STORIES,

MORAL AND AMUSING,

FOR

YOUNG PERSONS.

Written on the Plan of that celebrated Work

LES VEILLÉES DU CHÂTEAU,

BY

Madame la Compteſſe de GENLIS.

LONDON:

Printed for VERNOR and HOOD, in the Poultry; and ſold by E. NEWBERY, Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1798.

PREFACE.

THE method of conveying Inſtruction under the figure of a Story or Fable, was practiſed even in the moſt remote ages of antiquity, and the ſucceſs attending it has been ſuch as might naturally have been expected; for if the youthful mind can be *informed* at the ſame time it is *amuſed*, how much more likely is the leſſon to be *impreſſive* than if forced upon it under the appearance of *advice*, or in the form of *reproof?*

The avidity with which a child will liſten to the tales of its nurſe, and the pleaſure it derives from their repetition,

petition, proves at once its propenſity for information, and its delight in hearing a relation of circumſtances which, from the familiarity of ſtyle, are brought upon a level with its own capacity.

This obſervation induced the Author of the following Work to form a collection of Stories at once calculated to *improve* and to *entertain*, and in peruſing the Tales of the Cottage her young readers will be enabled to diſcover, that to promote a love of virtue, and create an abhorrence to vice, is the actuating principle of each.

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TALES

TALES

OF

THE COTTAGE.

GRANDPAPA, ſaid Albert Lumley, jumping on Mr. Dorville's knee and catching hold of the button of his coat, why do you call your houſe a cottage?—For my part I think you might as well name it a *caſtle*.

I call it a cottage, my dear fellow, replied Mr. Dorville, from the architecture of it being in the ſtyle of one, and becauſe the very name gives me an idea of quietneſs and tranquillity, which, after having lived five and ſeventy years in the buſtling world, is very deſirable to attain.

Well, that is very odd indeed, ſaid Albert, for I dote upon noiſe and buſtle, unleſs when any body is telling a ſtory, and then—if a mouſe does but ſtir it vexes me. But pray, grandpapa, will you be ſo good as to tell me a ſtory, for mamma ſaid you knew a great many, which you uſed to repeat to her when ſhe was a little girl.

It is ſo long ſince I have been called upon, replied Mr. Dorville, that I am fearful they have eſcaped my memory; however, if you will give me a few moments for recollection, I will endeavour to comply with your requeſt.

Oh! that I will, grandpapa, ſaid Albert, with his face glowing with delight at the idea of the promiſed gratification; and in the mean time I'll run and fetch Frank and Louiſa, for they are as fond of ſtories as I am, and I love to make them happy.

In leſs than five minutes Albert returned with a ſlow ſtep and dejected countenance;

nance; and, upon Mr. Dorville inquiring the occaſion of it, he diſcovered that poor Louiſa was in diſgrace, and was not permitted to join the party; and Albert was not only grieved at his ſiſter's misfortune, but diſappointed at not hearing the *ſtory*, which he had reſolved ſhould be deferred until ſhe could be one of the auditors.

Mr. Dorville, whoſe fondneſs for children was exceſſive, took Albert by the hand, praiſed his fraternal tenderneſs, and walking towards the door, promiſed to obtain Louiſa's forgiveneſs. In a few moments he returned leading in the penſive child, whoſe downcaſt eyes and embarraſſed look at once evinced her contrition and repentance. The two boys ran to fetch her a ſeat, and, placing themſelves on each ſide of her, entreated Mr. Dorville to begin his ſtory

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

ALTHOUGH (ſaid Mr. Dorville) I have paſſed the greateſt part of my life in London, I never adopted either the faſhions or the cuſtoms of its general inhabitants; and, inſtead of not making my appearance until eleven or twelve o'clock in the morning, I regularly quitted my chamber at ſix.

One morning, as I was deſcending the ſtairs, my attention was ſuddenly arreſted by the plaintive pleadings of a child, who with the moſt perſuaſive eloquence was endeavouring to excite compaſſion.

I inſtantly flew to the room from whence the voice proceeded, and perceiv-

ed

ed a child ſitting under the parlour grate with its back cloſe to the chimney, whilſt its unfeeling maſter, with a whip in one hand and a candle in the other, was vowing either to cut him in pieces, or ſet him on fire, if he did not immediately *quit his ſituation.*

The trembling victim of this barbarian's wrath no ſooner beheld me enter, than, crawling from his place of ſecurity, he threw himſelf on his knees before me, and beſought me to take him from that *cruel man.*

Why, Ned, ſaid the deceitful hypocrite, I was but in a *joke*, juſt to try to make you go up the chimney; but you might have been ſure I would not have hurt a hair on your head for all the world.—You muſt know, your honour, continued he (turning to me), that there youngſter has now been with me a matter of ſix months, and I have never been able to get him *aloft*, as the ſailors ſay, for as

ſoon as I puts him a little way up the chimney, and nails up my cloth to keep out duſt, down he ſlinks and takes hold of the bars of the grate, and ſtir him who can; and ſo, when your honour came in, I was making believe to ſet him on fire, for he'll never earn ſalt to his porridge if I encourage theſe untoward doings.

I inſtantly raiſed the child from his humiliating poſture, and turning to the man, demanded who had placed him apprentice to a buſineſs that he ſeemed ſo averſe to, and why he was not put to ſome trade that might have been more agreeable to his inclination?

By my looks and tone of voice the little fellow perceived I was his *friend*, and burſting into an agony of tears, exclaimed, Oh ſir—dear ſir, take me to my mamma, and never let me go with that naſty man again!

Mamma! I repeated with aſtoniſhment—What does this mean? and how came

this unfortunate child in your poſſeſſion?

God bleſs your honour, replied the man in evident confuſion—that's his nurſe at the workhouſe—a poor fooliſh old woman, who uſed to be always giving him ſugared bread and butter, or one ſtuff or other; and ſo, becauſe my dame don't do ſo, he's always whining and pining after his *mamma*, as he calls her; but I ſhall take him back again to the pariſh officers, for he's more plague to me than all the boys I have put together.

Whilſt the chimney ſweeper was making this harangue I pulled the bell, and, upon my ſervant entering, ordered him to take care the fellow did not eſcape, whilſt I queſtioned my little ſuppliant in another apartment; but ſcarcely had I quitted the room, when he flew to the window, threw it up before Thomas could ſtop him, and turning the corner

of

of the next ſtreet, was out of ſight in a moment.

My little foundling, thus unexpectedly reſcued from a life of miſery, no ſooner heard of the tyrant's eſcape, than he began jumping about the room in an ecſtaſy of delight; then coming up to me, caught me by the hand, and, in a tone of ſupplication, ſaid, Pray, ſir, take me to my mamma, and never, never will I run away from Molly again.

Who is your mamma? Where do you live? And how came you in that vile man's poſſeſſion, my dear boy? I exclaimed.

My mamma's name is Melville, replied the child, and ſhe lives at a *great white houſe*, near Windſor.

The pleaſure of my ſenſations at being able to reſtore a lovely boy to the arms of its diſconſolate mother, may be more eaſily imagined than deſcribed; but I was convinced it was neceſſary to act with precaution,

precaution, leſt the tranſition from grief to joy ſhould be attended with fatal conſequences. I ſent inſtantly to a ready-made warehouſe, and the little chimney ſweeper was ſoon converted into a gentleman; and when I beheld the marks of cruelty and violence which were conſpicuous in every part of his body, my heart bled for the ſufferings he had ſuſtained, and my eyes teſtified its ſenſibility.

A ſlice of plum-cake and a large book of prints amuſed my little gueſt, and checked his impatience to ſee his mamma, whilſt I wrote a letter to prepare her for the happineſs that awaited her.—As ſoon as I had finiſhed it, I ſent my ſervant to Windſor, and ordered my carriage in about an hour afterwards.

My little companion's impatience as we drove along was exceſſive, but when he eſpied the houſe I could ſcarcely confine him in the carriage. At length we reached the avenue that led to its approach, and

and ſaw a lady in deep mourning walking nimbly down it.

Oh, my mamma! my dear, dear mamma! exclaimed the child, and burſt into an agony of tears! I inſtantly pulled the check-ſtring, the coach ſtopped, the ſteps were let down, and in leſs than a minute the happy parent preſſed her lovely boy to a maternal boſom. My beloved Edward! My own mamma!—was all that either of them could utter, whilſt I ſtood a ſilent ſpectator of a ſcene that will never be effaced from my remembrance!—The ſervants came crowding round the child to teſtify their joy at his unexpected return.—And oh, maſter Edward—dear maſter Edward, how happy we are to ſee you! was vociferated from every voice.

As ſoon as the firſt ſenſations of felicity had ſubſided, Mrs. Melville turned to me, and, after having poured forth the warmeſt expreſſions of gratitude for the treaſure I had reſtored to her, entreated me to ſtay

and

and witneſs her happineſs. My little companion alternately ſhook hands, and embraced all the ſervants, and miſſing his favourite nurſe-maid, eagerly demanded what had became of her.

She is gone home to her parents, my darling, replied Mrs. Melville, for I could not bear the ſight of a perſon through whoſe careleſſneſs I owed the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtance that could have befallen me.

Oh mamma, ſaid the child, indeed it was not Molly's fault; indeed, indeed it was not; for my couſin George told me to run away from her, and he uſed to go one way, and I another, and ſo ſhe could not catch us both; and juſt as I got on the outſide the park gate, that naſty chimney ſweeper paſſed, and catched me up in his arms, and ſaid, A, ha! have I got you, my young maſter? ſaid he, and away he ran as hard as ever he could, and never ſtopped till he came to an old tumble

down houſe, where he made me put off my nice blue jacket, and told me to put on a naſty dirty ſooty coat he took out of a bundle; and when I ſaid I would *not* put it on, he hit me ſuch a knock with a little bruſh he held in his hand, that I tumbled down at his feet, and then he kicked me, and called me, an *obſtinate, proud whelp*, and ſaid he'd ſoon bring down my proud ſtomach, and make me *glad* to *wear* whatever he thought proper; and look at my ſhoulder, mamma, continued he, drawing out his little arm as far as he could.

Mrs. Melville ſhrieked with terror when ſhe beheld the ſymptoms of the barbarian's inhumanity, and beſought me, by all that was dear to me, to aſſiſt her in finding out the wretch who had been guilty of ſuch unheard-of cruelty. But as little Edward could not give a clear account of the place where he had been ſecreted, all our attempts to diſcover the

the author of his ſufferings were ineffectual.

Poor Molly, hearing of the return of her little charge, flew down to the houſe to teſtify her delight, and Edward happening to get a glimpſe of her as he ſtood at the window, ran acroſs the drawing room, and catching her by the apron as ſhe entered the hall, dragged her in to his mamma, entreating ſhe might ſtay, and promiſing with tears in his eyes *never to run away from her again.*

I thought that a very good opportunity for me to expatiate upon the impropriety of his conduct; and, after deſcribing in the the moſt pathetic terms the miſery he had occaſioned his amiable parent, I repreſented the injury he had done his favourite maid, who had not only been turned out of a good place, but had been prevented getting another, as no perſon would have hired her under the idea of her being a careleſs young woman. The child

inſtantly threw his arms around his mamma's neck, and, kiſſing her a thouſand times, promiſed never more to give her a moment's uneaſineſs; then taking a new crown piece from his pocket, which I had given him when he put on his new clothes, he thruſt it into Molly's hand, and beſeeching her not to cry, again repeated his promiſe of good behaviour and obedience.

Oh, what a pretty ſtory, grandpapa! exclaimed all the children at once. And how old was poor little Edward? ſaid they. He appeared about ſeven, replied Mr. Dorville; but I did not aſk his mamma his exact age: however he is now grown a very fine young man, and perhaps you may ſee him whilſt you remain at the cottage, for he very frequently paſſes a week with me, and behaves with as much duty and affection as if I was his *father*, inſtead of his *friend*; but he has a grateful heart, and retains

retains a juſt ſenſe of the kindneſs he received from me.

I am ſorry there's an end of the *ſtory*, however, ſaid Albert; but perhaps, grandpapa, you could be ſo good as to oblige us with another.

I am fearful I ſhall tire out your attention, replied Mr. Dorville, and that you'll all fall faſt aſleep. Oh! no, no, grandpapa, they all cried out together; and Mr. Dorville proceeded in the following words——

THE SICK SOLDIER; OR, THE DUTIFUL SON.

As Mrs. Barwell was one Sunday morning going to viſit a poor old woman who had long been confined to a ſick bed, ſhe met a little boy about eleven years old, whoſe melancholy countenance caught her attention, and whoſe traces of ſorrow called forth her ſympathy.

You look unhappy, my little friend, ſaid the amiable Mrs. Barwell, in a tone of the ſofteſt compaſſion; perhaps I can relieve you—what is the matter?

I am

I am unhappy indeed, madam, replied the child, turning away his head and taking up the flap of his coat to wipe away the tears that fell from his expreſſive eyes, for my poor father is too ill to bear the jolting of the baggage waggon, and ſo we are left behind in a ſtrange place, without a friend in the world, and I have juſt been to beg the doctor would come and ſee him, but he ſays he muſt viſit his *rich patients* before he can have time to go to *poor ones*.

And where is your father, my poor child? ſaid Mrs Barwell; for as ſoon as I have paid my accuſtomed viſit to a poor woman who lives a few doors from hence, I will çall upon him; but in the mean-time go back to the apothecary, and tell him Mrs. Barwell entreats him to meet her at your father's lodging.

Oh, bleſs you! heaven bleſs you! ſobbed out the child—I'll run directly, madam; and away he was going without

telling Mrs. Barwell where the invalid was to be found. She again aſked the queſtion, and underſtood he had a room at the Black Horſe, a ſmall public houſe at the end of the village.

Mrs. Barwell ſhortened her viſit to the old woman, and ſtopping at her own houſe (which ſhe paſſed in her way to the Black Horſe) ordered both broth and ſago to be put on the fire, and in leſs than half an hour found herſelf at the door of the ſick man's chamber, and pulling up the latch, which opened with a piece of ſtring, ſhe ſaw one of the moſt intereſting ſights ſhe had ever beheld.

The poor unfortunate ſoldier was lying ſtretched on an humble pallet, with his head reclining on his ſon's knee, who was putting a few ſpoonfuls of broth into his father's mouth out of a ſmall wooden bowl he held in his hand. His figure was pale, dejected, and emaciated, and his

voice

voice ſo feeble as ſcarcely to be underſtood.

Mrs. Barwell was ſo affected at the ſcene, that it was with difficulty ſhe could repreſs her emotions; but before ſhe was able to inquire into the ſick man's ſituation, Mr. Callous, the apothecary, entered.

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant, madam, (ſaid he, in a moſt obſequious tone of voice) you perceive I have attended to your commands which I received through that youngſter; but, continued he, with a perfect indifference of manner, it ſeems a *loſt caſe—a loſt caſe, madam.*

Mrs. Barwell, provoked at the inhumanity of his conduct, and ſhocked at the effect it had produced upon the little boy, deſired he would not judge from *appearances*, but feel the poor creature's pulſe, uſe his utmoſt endeavours to re-

ſtore

ſtore his health, and ſhe would be anſwerable for the expence attending it.

The ſoldier's countenance teſtified his gratitude, and, ſtretching out his emaciated hand to Mr. Callous, he ſeemed waiting the deciſion of his fate with fortitude and reſignation. Richard's eyes (for that was the child's name) were turned upon the apothecary with the moſt ſupplicating inquiry, as if entreating him to ſave a life ſo dear, and aſking whether it was poſſible to do it.

Mrs. Barwell perceived by the expreſſion of Mr. Callous's countenance that the caſe was *deſperate*, and deſiring Richard to go to her houſe, and order one of her ſervants to come to her directly, ſhe drew the apothecary aſide, and inquired whether there were any hopes.

The ſick man, judging by her manner that he was the ſubject of her converſation, ſaid, You are very good, madam, very *good indeed*, to trouble yourſelf about ſuch an

an humble creature as I am; but I feel I am not long for this world, and ſo I have been telling my poor Richard this morning; but if, when I am gone, my honoured lady, you would but promiſe to ſend my dear boy to the colonel of our regiment, I think I could die in peace, for he has always been like a father to him, and whenever we are ſtationed in quarters puts him to ſchool, finds him in clothes, and in ſhort has been the kindeſt of friends to him; and when it pleaſed God to take my poor Sally from me, he offered to put Richard to board with the clerk of the pariſh, that he might have the benefit of *learning*, and be made a man of; but when the poor boy ſaw I grieved ſo for the loſs of his mother, he went and kneeled down at the colonel's knees, and begged him not to take *him from me*, becauſe, he ſaid, I ſhould quite break my heart, if I had neither him nor his mammy to comfort me.

Here

Here the poor man grew ſo faint he could proceed no farther, and the child entering, put a ſtop to the converſation.

As ſoon as Mrs. Barwell's ſervant arrived, ſhe deſired the corporal (for ſuch ſhe found he was) might be moved into a better apartment, and endeavoured to perſuade Richard to lay down for a few hours, as the ſoldier informed her he had not ſlept half an hour together for ſeveral nights paſt; but all attempts to ſeparate him from his father were ineffectual, and he ſeated himſelf by the bed-ſide, and watched every turn of his diſorder with an anxiety of look that at once teſtified both his *fears* and his *affection*.

Mrs. Barwell, diſpleaſed at the apothecary's inhumanity, and *not ſatisfied* with his *judgment*, ſent her footman to the neighbouring town for Mr. Fuller, a gentleman who was an ornament to his profeſſion, and an honour to human nature.

He

He thought the ſoldier's caſe *dangerous*, but *not deſperate*, and, by the ſuperiority of his ſkill, in leſs than ſix weeks reſtored him to the perfect enjoyment of his long loſt health.

Mrs. Barwell, who had no children of her own, found her affections ſo ſtrongly attracted towards little Richard (whoſe attendance on his father during the whole of his illneſs had been unwearied), that the idea of his joining the regiment became painful, and at length ſhe reſolved not only to adopt the child, but to give him ſuch an education as ſhould qualify him for the ſituation ſhe intended him to fill; ſending therefore for him into her preſence one morning, ſhe addreſſed him in the following words:

You have doubtleſs heard, my dear boy, that virtuous and good actions generally meet their *reward* even in *this life*, and in the next there is a *certainty* of their receiving it; your conduct to your poor father

father during his illneſs has been ſo highly meritorious, and your general behaviour ſo intereſtingly amiable, that I feel inclined to prove my approbation of it by taking you under my protection, and giving you ſuch an education as will enable you to get your living as a *gentleman*, and prevent your being expoſed to thoſe hardſhips you have hitherto ſuſtained.

During this converſation Richard's countenance underwent ſeveral changes; he was alternately red and pale, and, inſtead of making any reply to ſo generous a propoſal, he remained perfectly mute and ſilent.

Well, Richard, ſaid Mrs. Barwell, what do you ſay to my plan? you ſurely do not mean to refuſe my offered friendſhip?

No, no, madam, ſobbed out Richard; but I don't, indeed I don't like being a *gentleman*, and my poor *father* only a *ſoldier!*

But if you become a *gentleman*, replied Mrs.

Mrs. Barwell, you will be able to aſſiſt your father, and procure for him not only the *neceſſaries*, but the *comforts of life*.

Shall *I*, *indeed?* ſaid the boy, with his countenance inſtantly brightening, and a ſenſation of delight conſpicuous in all his features—Oh, then I will be any *thing you pleaſe*, madam; but inſtantly checking the pleaſing ſenſation, he burſt into tears, and exclaimed, But then I muſt *leave* my poor father; and mammy told me when ſhe was dying *never to do that*, but always to be *dutiful* and *kind* to him.

You are a *noble boy!* ſaid Mrs. Barwell, and I honour your filial attachment; you ſhall *not* leave your father; and yet I muſt have the gratification of beſtowing a part of my *extenſive property* upon ſo much *worth* and *goodneſs*.

At that moment the grateful corporal entered, to ſay he had received orders to

join his regiment, as he had informed the colonel of the re-eſtabliſhment of his health.

Are you, ſaid Mrs. Barwell, particularly attached to a military life? or would you relinquiſh it if you could be placed in one more eaſy and advantageous?

As to *eaſe*, madam, replied the corporal, that's what folks in my ſtation have no buſineſs to think about, for pleaſe God I could get an honeſt livelihood, I ſhould neither mind labour nor toil; and, to be ſure, though I ſhould not ſhrink from facing a cannon if my king and country demanded it, yet I can't ſay but I had rather have a comfortable fire-ſide to go to, after the buſineſs of the day was over, than to be obliged to lie on the *cold ground* with only a *tent* over my *head*, and a *blanket wrapped round my ſides*.

Well, my friend, ſaid Mrs. Barwell, and I think I can have the pleaſure of promiſing

promiſing you the enjoyment of a comfortable fire-ſide, for I have long intended eſtabliſhing a day-ſchool for boys, though I have not been able to meet with a proper perſon as maſter of it; but if your colonel will permit me to purchaſe your diſcharge, and you think yourſelf capable of the undertaking, I will immediately put you into office, with a ſalary of fifty pounds a year.

Bleſſings fall upon your honourable ladyſhip's head! exclaimed the man, abſolutely aſtoniſhed with the *greatneſs* of his *fortune*. Oh, my poor Sally! continued he, had you but lived to ſee this happy day, how would you have bleſt the Almighty for its arrival!

And I, madam, ſaid Richard, ſhall I live with my own dear father?

I ſhould think it wicked to ſeparate you (for any continuance) replied Mrs. Barwell, but you muſt go to ſchool to Mr. Jones, the clergyman of this pariſh,

in the day, and return to your father every evening; for as I have no children of my own, I am reſolved to beſtow part of my fortune upon one who promiſes to make ſo worthy a uſe of it; but as I mean to enable you to live as a gentleman, it is neceſſary I ſhould give you ſuch an *education* as will *teach* you to *ſupport the character*; and if in an *exalted ſtate* you act with as much *principle* as you have done in an *humble one*, I ſhall think my fortune well beſtowed, and my friendſhip properly applied.

By that day's poſt Mrs. Barwell wrote to Colonel Forbes, deſcribed the miſerable ſituation in which ſhe had found the corporal, and the filial tenderneſs of his amiable ſon; and, after expreſſing her wiſh of taking the latter under her protection, informed him that his attachment to his father was ſo ſtrong, that a ſeparation from him would be to deſtroy his happineſs; and, as ſhe wiſhed to promote it,

conjured

conjured him to allow her to purchaſe his diſcharge.

The return of poſt brought a letter from the colonel encloſing the corporal's diſmiſſal and a ten pound note, as a proof of his regard for Richard, and his approbation of his conduct to his worthy father; and in leſs than a month the ſoldier was converted into a charity ſchool maſter. Richard was clothed as the adopted ſon of Mrs. Barwell, and the delight he took in ſtudy, and the unremitting attention he paid his benevolent benefactreſs, at once gratified her feelings and ſecured her affection.

Oh, charming! charming! grandpapa, ſaid all the children at once; that's a much prettier ſtory than the Little Chimney Sweeper, and I declare I ſhould like to hear it over again.

Nothing ſo tedious as a *twice told tale*, replied Mr. Dorville; but, if I hear you

are all good children, to-morrow morning, I think, I ſhall be able to furniſh you with a freſh ſtore of amuſement.

They all aſſured him they would endeavour to merit the promiſed indulgence, and at the ſame hour the next morning they all aſſembled in Mr. Dorville's ſtudy, and were immediately entertained with the following ſtory.

FRATERNAL HATRED.

It never, my dear children, ſaid Mr. Dorville, was the intention of Providence that the life of man ſhould be a ſtate of uninterrupted felicity, for he is ſent into this world to prove his faith, and try his fortitude, rather than to receive the *reward* for his *virtue*, or a recompence for his reſignation.

If happineſs could have been the lot of mortality, it ſeemed within the reach of Mr. Lambert, for he was bleſt with an ample fortune, a benevolent heart, an amiable wife, and two lovely children; but, alas! that which conſtitutes the happineſs

happineſs of the generality of parents, was to him a ſource of the moſt exquiſite miſery! Mrs. Lambert was the daughter of a rich Eaſt Indian, who had given her ten thouſand pounds upon her marriage, with the promiſe of her inheriting his immenſe property at his death; but whether from pique, partiality, or prejudice, he altered his intention, I cannot pretend to ſay; but, inſtead of leaving his wealth to his daughter, he bequeathed every farthing of it to her youngeſt ſon, with directions that when he came of age he ſhould change his name to *Downing*.

Mr. Lambert's eſtates were upwards of three thouſand a year, which of courſe would all devolve to his eldeſt ſon Adolphus, as the youngeſt was ſo magnificently provided for; but, inſtead of his thinking *that* a ſufficient fortune for the ſupport of a gentleman, he was continually murmuring at the ſuperiority of his brother's, and loading the memory of his grandfather

grandfather with abuſe for what he termed an *unjuſt* partiality.

Previous to the partial diſpoſal of Mr. Downing's fortune, the two brothers had never teſtified that fraternal regard towards each other which their relationſhip demanded, and which their parents were ſo anxious to inſpire; but, on the contrary, were continually diſputing, quarrelling, or endeavouring to turn each other into ridicule.

Chriſtopher Lambert was juſt thirteen years of age when he became poſſeſſed of property to the amount of a hundred and fifty thouſand pounds; a ſum which by the accumulation of eight years intereſt would be infinitely increaſed by the time he came of age.

Mr. Lambert was not hurt at finding himſelf totally neglected in his father-in-law's will, as he would have been ſatisfied to have poſſeſſed the perſon of his beloved Emily without a penny of fortune; but

but he was miſerable at the idea of the diſunion it might occaſion between two boys who, from the firſt dawning of reaſon, had been contending for ſuperiority. At firſt he reſolved to keep the circumſtance a ſecret from his ſon, but a few moments reflection taught him the impracticability of that meaſure, and therefore, ſending for him into his ſtudy, he addreſſed him in the following words.

My dear Chriſtopher, I am going to prove that I no longer conſider you as a child under the dominion of puerile paſſions and boyiſh caprices, but as a lad arrived at an age to ſee the folly of indulging them, and the impropriety of ſuffering them to obtain an aſcendency both over your reaſon and your judgment.

The frequent diſputes which your tutor tells me are continually occurring between Adolphus and yourſelf occaſions me the ſevereſt uneaſineſs, and when I hear

hear that they chiefly ariſe from your not chooſing to give him thoſe little preferences which as an elder brother he has a *right* to expect, I am hurt at your folly, and ſhocked at your pride.

Your mother and I have always endeavoured to convince you, that both of you were *equally dear to us*, and it was my intention to have proved it at my death, as much as I have always done in my life; but your grandfather has defeated that part of my intention, by leaving *you* heir to the whole of his property, and excluding poor Adolphus from the poſſeſſion of any part of it. *Me*, papa! *me all!* what every farthing of it? exclaimed Chriſtopher, with a countenance animated with delight.

Yes, replied Mr. Lambert, very gravely (with the intent of moderating his ſon's tranſports), *moſt unjuſtly* has he left you *all*; however, I truſt, when you come into the poſſeſſion of it (which will not be

theſe

theſe eight years) you will prove you are not unworthy of it, by giving ſome portion of it to your brother.

Oh, ſaid Chriſtopher, very ſharply—that is as he *behaves to me*, for now the elder brother's pride will be brought down a little, I fancy.

I ſhould have a very deſpicable opinion of his character, replied Mr. Lambert, if I thought the proſpect of enjoying a few *paltry thouſands* could induce him to become either cringing or ſervile; however, my dear Chriſtopher, I hope your conduct upon the acquiſition of this unexpected property will never be ſuch as to give me reaſon to lament your coming into the poſſeſſion of it. And remember, that the more exalted your ſtation may be, the greater reaſon there is for your being circumſpect in your conduct, for riches and power expoſe their poſſeſſors to the ſcrutiny of the little minded, and the cenſure of the envious.

Oh,

Oh, I ſhall not mind *that*, papa, ſaid Chriſtopher; but pray may I go and tell my tutor and Adolphus what a *good friend* to me my grandpapa has been?

Yes, you may go, replied Mr. Lambert; but avoid exulting over your brother upon your ſuperior good fortune, and by affectionate kindneſs endeavour to prevent him from being pained at the injuſtice of his grandfather.

Oh yes, ſir, yes, ſaid Chriſtopher, and away he flew down ſtairs to the ſtudy; and, throwing open the door, walked in with all the ſtate he could aſſume, and going up to his brother, ſaid, Do I look like *a nabob*, Adolphus?

Like a *nabob!* replied Adolphus, ſcornfully viewing him from head to foot; I think you look more like an *actor*.

You'd be very glad to *act my part*, he retorted, I fancy, though you are an elder brother; but *money* makes *the mare to go*,

ſays the old proverb; and I'll have mares and horſes too, and ſet them *all* a going, or I'll know the reaſon why.

What is all this vain boaſting about *money?* ſaid Mr. Herbert, raiſing his eyes from a book and fixing them angrily upon Chriſtopher; if you thought *leſs of money*, and *more* of *merit*, young gentleman, it would be more to *your honour*, and *my credit*; for, as the poet obſerves,

Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*;
The *reſt* is all but leather, and prunello.

I think, ſir, replied Chriſtopher, you'll allow I have ſome right to *think about money*, when you know that my grandpapa is dead, and has left ME all his fortune, and neither my papa, mamma, nor Adolphus, *one ſingle penny*.

I am very ſorry to hear it, replied the tutor, becauſe I fear *you* will miſapply that wealth which your worthy father would have *uſed ſo nobly*, and heartily lament Mr. Downing's infatuation.

I don't

I don't believe a word of it, ſir, ſaid Adolphus, at the ſame time teſtifying by his countenance *apprehenſion* of its *truth*; however, I will run directly to my papa and aſk him.

Mr. Lambert had, unperceived by his youngeſt ſon, followed him to the door of the ſtudy, and had overheard the whole of the preceding diſcourſe. Shocked at his arrogance, and wounded by his preſumption, he was juſt returning to his own library, when Adolphus overtook him, and with eager inquiries demanded whether Chriſtopher had been making a true report.

Yes, replied Mr. Lambert, a *very true one*, my dear fellow, and I hope you are diſintereſted enough to rejoice in your brother's *good fortune*, without repining at *not* becoming his partner.

I think it is very *hard*, papa, ſaid Adolphus, that he ſhould have *all* my grandfather's fortune, and I not a penny of it.

Your grandfather, continued Mr. Lambert, had doubtleſs a right to diſpoſe of his fortune as he thought proper, and if *I* do *not repine* at the manner he has done it, ſurely *you* ought not. The only circumſtance that gives me uneaſineſs ariſes from obſerving that it is likely to fill your brother's mind with *arrogance* and *yours* with *diſcontent*, and I heartily wiſh he had given it to any perſon rather than my ſon.

All Mr. Lambert's and Mr. Herbert's endeavours to leſſen Chriſtopher's *pride* and conquer Adolphus's *diſcontent* were ineffectual, for each day witneſſed ſome new proof of the increaſe of *both*. Their tempers were naturally ſo perverſe, that, from their infancy, quarrelling appeared their delight; but their envy and hatred now roſe to ſo high a pitch, that words were not ſufficiently ſtrong to expreſs it, and their conteſts generally ended in blows,

blows, when their father or their tutor were not preſent to prevent them.

In the firſt part of the ſtory I think I told you that their perſons were remarkably handſome, and their underſtandings (though they ſo ſhamefully perverted their uſe) were ſuperior to moſt boys of their age; they could converſe in Latin, read Greek with facility, and were tolerable proficients in mathematics. One morning Mr. Herbert received a viſit from a friend, whom he had not ſeen for ſeveral years; and, after ſetting taſks to each of his pupils, he offered to ſhew the grounds, which were very beautiful, to his gueſt.

Scarcely had he left the ſtudy, when a diſpute aroſe between the two brothers about the ſolution of one of Euclid's Problems, and the uſual mode of deciding it was inſtantly adopted. Blow ſucceeded blow, until their faces were covered with blood; at length Adolphus, in the height

of paſſion, aimed a ſtroke at his brother's ſtomach: too ſure was the mark, and too fatal the effect; he reeled, groaned, fell, and expired!

Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, and deſpair, inſtantly flaſhed upon the murderer's mind, and, flying to the bell, he rang it with a violence that ſummoned three or four of the ſervants to the apartment.

My brother! my brother! exclaimed the frantic Adolphus; I have killed my brother! Mr. Herbert had a ſlight knowledge of ſurgery, and, as ſoon as he was ſummoned to the melancholy ſcene, he opened a vein, but without effect; the fatal blow had terminated life, and all attempts to reſtore it proved ineffectual.

The impetuous Adolphus, hearing himſelf pronounced the murderer of his brother, ruſhed from the ſpot where the fratricide had been committed, and, flying acroſs a lawn that led to the road, in a ſtate of phrenzy and deſpair, did not perceive

ceive a bull which had broke from a ſtake to which it had been tied for the inhuman purpoſe of baiting. The foaming animal, made furious by cruelty, no ſooner beheld the wretched Adolphus, than it inſtantly made towards him, and, forcing his horn between his legs, toſſed him ſeveral feet high in the air. A gentleman happening to paſs that way on horſeback with a fowling-piece in his hand, immediately fired at the outrageous beaſt, and lodged its contents in its ſkull; then, riding up to the ſpot where Adolphus had fallen, he beheld a ſight that ſhocked his humanity and called forth his compaſſion.

The animal's horn had entered juſt above the knee, and torn the thigh open all the way up to the hip bone; the fall had broke his arm, bruiſed his body, and cut a large wound acroſs his forehead. He lay totally devoid of ſenſe and motion for ſome minutes; at length a deep groan teſtified

teſtified life and feeling, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour he was enabled to inform the ſtranger where he lived.

To deſcribe Mr. and Mrs. Lambert's agony at the loſs of one ſon, and the probability of being deprived of another, is impoſſible; but they had long conſidered this life as a ſtate of trial and probation, which demanded the exertion of fortitude, and the practice of reſignation, and they felt the neceſſity of patiently ſubmitting to the decree of Heaven.

Surgeons were ſent for from town, and all the aſſiſtance that money could procure was had for the unfortunate Adolphus; but, alas! in vain.

His wounds appeared favourable, and the broken bone united, but his mind was in ſuch a ſtate of agonizing wretchedneſs, that a fever was the conſequence, which terminated his life and ſufferings at the end of the ninth day.

Oh, how dreadful! exclaimed Albert.

Oh,

Oh, how ſhocking! reiterated Frank. 'Tis *a ſad ſtory*, indeed, grandpapa! ſobbed out Louiſa.

It is a very *true one*, my love, replied Mr. Dorville, and I hope it will make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon your minds, as to prevent even the exiſtence of a diſpute amongſt you; for when once the paſſions are ſuffered to gain an aſcendancy, or that deſtructive fiend *envy* creeps into the boſom, peace is baniſhed, and tranquillity takes an everlaſting flight. But, continued he, gazing at them with a mixture of tenderneſs and exultation, you, my beloved children, need not ſuch a leſſon as I have juſt repeated, to induce you to love and cheriſh each other, for it is one of the higheſt gratifications my old age is capable of receiving, to behold the love and harmony that ſubſiſt between you.

Yes, grandpapa, ſaid Albert, with his eyes gliſtening through his tears, we *do love* each other, don't we Frank? and as

to Louiſa, 'twould be a *ſhame* not to be *kind* to *her*, becauſe ſhe's *a girl*, and wants our protection.

Heaven bleſs you, my *beloved* children! replied the old man, ſcarcely able (from his emotion) to articulate the tender benediction; but now go and amuſe yourſelves, and to-morrow you may expect a ſimilar entertainment.

The promiſed indulgence was not forgotten, and early the next morning Mr. Dorville was called upon to fulfil his engagement; and, ſeating himſelf in an eaſy chair, with Louiſa on his knee, and the two boys on ſtools before him, he began as follows.

THE FORTUNATE BEGGAR; OR, INHUMANITY REPROVED.

God Almighty bleſs you, Miſs, give a poor boy an halfpenny, ſaid a little ragged child of about eight years old to Miſs Strickland, as ſhe was one morning taking an early walk, accompanied by her favourite ſervant.

Go along about your buſineſs, you little dirty wretch, replied Miſs Strickland, toſſing her head and looking a contrary way, to prevent beholding an object that appeared ſo diſguſting.

For

For mercy ſake, miſs—dear miſs! only *one halfpenny*, juſt to buy me a roll for my breakfaſt, for I have not taſted a morſel ſince yeſterday morning, and I am ſtarving with hunger.

If you torment me in this manner, continued Miſs Strickland, you little ragged creature, I will have you ſent to the workhouſe, or whipped out of the pariſh; and, quickening her pace, ſhe jumped over a ſtile that led into Mr. Harcourt's grounds, in the hope of avoiding the preſſing importunity.

The little mendicant was too great a proficient in his trade to be ſo eaſily repulſed, and, following Miſs Strickland over the ſtile, continued his ſolicitation in the ſame tone of perſuaſion and entreaty.

Do, Miſs Strickland, ſaid the ſervant, give the poor thing a halfpenny, for I have not one in my pocket, or he ſhould not have followed us thus far; and do look

look at his poor naked feet; I declare he has cut them with the ſtones, and they are abſolutely ſtreaming with blood.

Don't talk to *me of blood*, I deſire, Bennet, replied the haughty young lady, unleſs you have a mind to ſee me faint; and as to encouraging ſuch little idle creatures in the ſhameful habit of begging, I aſſure you *I ſhall not*, and therefore I beg you will ſend him away about his buſineſs.

Very *humanely determined!* and thoſe who will not *applaud your benevolence*, muſt certainly do *juſtice* to your *prudence*, ſaid a voice from the other ſide the hedge.

Miſs Strickland looked confounded, the maid aſtoniſhed, and the little beggar, as if attracted by the ſound, took to his heels, and ran towards it.

Very ſurpriſing, indeed! exclaimed Miſs Strickland; but pray, Bennet, do run to the ſtile, and look if you can perceive

any body on the other ſide the hedge. Bennet did as ſhe deſired, and returned to her young lady, declaring it was the moſt *marvellous* thing in the world, for ſhe could ſee over the whole field, and there was not a creature there, no, not even the little beggar boy, though ſhe was certain he went that way.

Miſs Strickland, for the firſt time in her life, repented having ſteeled her heart againſt the pleadings of diſtreſs, and purſued her walk, out of humour with herſelf, the mendicant, and all the world.

Miſs Strickland was the only child of a man who had amaſſed an immenſe fortune in the liquor trade, and who had retired into a diſtant part of the country, to hide his original inſignificance, and enjoy the fruit of his labour and experiments. He loſt his wife when his daughter was only three years old, and ſhe had been ſent to one of thoſe *inferior* boarding ſchools near town, where prin-

ciple is neglected, prejudice imbibed, and morality totally unattended to; and where the upſtart miſs is taught to laugh at the ſimplicity of her *unlettered parents*, becauſe, like her, they cannot chatter *bad French*, or produce a few diſcordant ſounds from the guitar or harpſichord.

Such had been Miſs Strickland's education, and the fruits of it were ſuch as might naturally have been expected—ſhe was pert, proud, ignorant, and vain; and hearing continually from her weak aunt and infatuated father, that ſhe was heireſs to ninety thouſand pounds, ſhe thought herſelf privileged to indulge all her caprices.

I am ſure, grandpapa, ſaid Louiſa Lumley, interrupting Mr. Dorville in his ſtory, our governeſs never ſuffers us to *laugh* at *our papas* or *mammas*; neither would any of the young ladies think of ſuch a thing. No, my love, replied Mr. Dorville, I do not ſuppoſe they would,

becauſe your governeſs is a very different woman to Miſs Strickland's, and is equally capable of improving the mind and correcting the heart; and you muſt not ſuppoſe I mean to cenſure indiſcriminately every kind of boarding ſchool, for I know many of them to be under the beſt and wiſeſt regulations, and particularly that at Highgate, where you have the good fortune to receive your education.

Yes, ſir, ſaid the child, my mamma tells me, that Mrs. K—— is one of the moſt ſenſible and well informed women ſhe knows; and ſays, if I am not a clever girl, it will be entirely my own fault. But, pray, grandpapa, what became of the little beggar boy? for he diſappeared in a very ſtrange manner.

The little beggar had met with a very kind reception from the perſon who on the other ſide the hedge had overheard the converſation that had juſt paſſed between him and Miſs Strickland; but

I muſt

I muſt give you a little ſketch of his hiſtory.

Edward Harcourt, a boy of fourteen, poſſeſſed one of thoſe generous ſpirits and feeling hearts that at once ſecured him the affection both of his friends and acquaintance; he was juſt come home for the ſummer vacation, and, though his father did not viſit Mr. Strickland, he had met his daughter at ſeveral of the neighbouring gentlemen's houſes.

The diſſimilarity between Mr. Strickland's and Mr. Harcourt's characters ſeemed equally ſtriking in their two children, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty Edward could treat Miſs Strickland with that attention which, as a female, ſhe had a right to expect.

He happened to be walking in his father's grounds, when the young lady entered, and, fearful that politeneſs would oblige him to join her, he jumped over a gap he perceived in the hedge, and by

that means avoided being diſcovered; but, exaſperated at her pretended delicacy, and ſhocked at her want of compaſſion, he made the exclamation which had ſo much aſtoniſhed the young lady, and, ſtooping under the hedge, ſecured himſelf from obſervation by the thickneſs of its foliage.

Though he had hid himſelf from the eye of Miſs Strickland, the little mendicant's was more ſcrutinizing, and, making towards the ſpot from whence the voice had iſſued, he ſoon perceived the young Etonian's hiding place.

A finger put acroſs the mouth of Edward convinced the child he was to be *ſilent*; and, creeping to the ſide of his future benefactor, he ſtooped down and ſat ſnug, waiting with anxiety the moment in which he might make an attack upon his companion's feelings.

In about five minutes Edward aroſe, and, turning to the child, ſaid, And have you

you really not eaten any thing ſince yeſterday morning, my little man?

Whether the boy thought there was no longer any occaſion to augment the account of his diſtreſs, or that there was any thing particularly ſcrutinizing in the young man's look or manner when he aſked the queſtion, I cannot pretend to ſay; but he replied, Why, ſir, *only a little, little bit* laſt night at ſupper, not much bigger than the end of my two thumbs.

And where do you live? continued Edward; and why does not your father and mother endeavour to earn enough to keep you from ſtarving?

Oh, ſir! I have no father, ſaid the child, he's been dead a long while, and my mammy, ſhe goes begging about with my little ſiſter, that's two years younger than I am, becauſe ſhe can't find out my father's pariſh; for, as he was a ſailor, they ſay he had no pariſh at all; and ſo we live where we can: but harveſt is coming,

coming, and then mammy works; and I can work too, ſir, for laſt harveſt I gleaned as much wheat as mammy ſold for fourteen and ſixpence: but God Almighty bleſs you, ſir, give me a halfpenny to buy a piece of bread!

Edward's hand had been involuntarily put into his pocket during this converſation, and, drawing a ſhilling out along with it, he gave it to the child, deſiring him at the ſame time to take him to his mother.

Oh! *a white* halfpenny! a white halfpenny! exclaimed the boy, jumping and clapping his hands; come along, ſir, come along, and I'll tell mammy how good you have been.

At that moment Mr. Harcourt overtook his ſon, and, hearing the whole of the morning's adventure, ſmiled at the trick he had played Miſs Strickland, and praiſing his benevolence, ſaid, We muſt diſcover whether this child is really as diſtreſſed

diſtreſſed as he deſcribes himſelf, and if ſo, do ſomething to relieve him. Yes, ſir, that I am, replied the boy; but mammy can tell you more about it.

Mr. Harcourt and his ſon followed their conductor over an adjoining meadow, at the end of which was a large barn belonging to farmer Simſon. In *there*, ſaid the little beggar, pointing to it, lays mammy and Bet. Mr. Harcourt entered, and was ſhocked beyond deſcription at the miſerable appearance of the poor creature. She confirmed all the child had ſaid, and declared ſhe frequently endured abſolute agony from the calls of hunger, whilſt feeding her children with the ſcanty morſel ſhe procured from charity.

Her appearance teſtified the truth of her aſſertion; and ſo greatly was Mr. Harcourt affected at the ſtriking inſtance of maternal tenderneſs, that it was with difficulty he could reſtrain his emotions.

A thought

A thought inſtantly ſtruck him, that ſhe might ſucceed a poor woman who uſed to have the care of the poultry and pigs, but who was lately dead, if ſhe underſtood the management of them; and, hearing ſhe had been dairy maid ſeveral years before ſhe married, it was finally ſettled ſhe ſhould be put into office.

The poor creature's gratitude may be imagined, but can never be juſtly deſcribed; and Peter's joy (for that was the boy's name) was abſolutely unbounded. The woman fell upon her knees, claſped her hands, and, with uplifted eyes, returned the Almighty thanks for the unexpected ſuccour; then, turning to Mr. Harcourt, beſought Heaven to pour down its choiceſt bleſſings on his head.

As they were turning homewards, happy in the idea of having performed an act of benevolence, they accidentally met Miſs Strickland; and Mr. Harcourt, ſhocked at the account of her inhumanity,

ty, was reſolved to prove to her that he *deſpiſed* her conduct.

We have juſt been enjoying a pleaſure, Miſs Strickland, ſaid he, which I find you had an opportunity of depriving us of, and I really conſider myſelf indebted to *your prudence* for one of the higheſt gratifications I ever experienced.

Sir! replied Miſs Strickland; upon my word, ſir, I—I—don't quite underſtand you—I don't know, ſir, that I have done any thing to oblige you.

Not intentionally, I believe, young lady, ſaid Mr. Harcourt, with a degree of ſeverity in his countenance; but your *inhumanity* to the poor little mendicant, who about an hour ago ſolicited *your charity*, was a means of exciting my ſon's compaſſion, and my intereſt, and I have the happineſs of thinking we have ſaved him and his unfortunate mother from the miſery of ſtarving!

Lord bleſs me! exclaimed Miſs Strickland.

land. Well, poor thing! dear me, Mr. Harcourt, how good you are! how unlucky that I did not know he was in *ſuch diſtreſs!* I am ſure, yes, I am convinced, if I had known he had been in *ſuch diſtreſs*, I ſhould, indeed, Mr. Harcourt, I ſhould have relieved him; but common beggars, you know, ſir, are generally ſuch a vagabond ſet, 'tis no charity to do any thing for them, and ſo my papa always tells me.

That cold precaution and unfeeling prudence, Miſs Strickland, replied Mr. Harcourt, would be unbecoming at *ſixty*, but it is *diſgraceful* at *ſixteen*; and if, at an age when the heart is generally open to emotions of tenderneſs and humanity, you are deaf to the voice of ſupplication, what may be expected from you when an intercourſe with the world ſhall have tended to blunt the *ſlight portion* of *feeling* nature has beſtowed upon you? And ſo ſaying, he wiſhed her a good morning, leaving

leaving her highly exaſperated at the reproof ſhe had received, and heartily wiſhing ſhe had parted from her money.

I am glad Mr. Harcourt trimmed her, however, grandpapa, for ſhe was a ſad wicked girl to be ſo unfeeling, ſaid Frank; but can't you tell us another ſtory?

Mr. Dorville looked at his watch, and, finding he had an hour to ſpare before dinner, told the little Lumleys, if they would allow him five minutes to recollect it, he thought he could tell them one which was an exact contraſt to that which they had juſt heard.

SALLY CRAWFORD;

OR,

THE REWARD OF BENEVOLENCE.

SALLY CRAWFORD had the misfortune to loſe her parents at a time of life when ſhe was inſenſible of the calamity that had befallen her, and was at that period put under the protection of Mr. Saveall, her maternal grandfather.

Mr. Saveall had long rented a ſmall farm in Dorſetſhire, and by induſtry, penury, and a thorough knowledge of his buſineſs, was allowed to be poſſeſſed of many thouſand pounds.

His

His family conſiſted of the little Sarah, an old houſekeeper, whoſe name was Deborah, and two boys that aſſiſted in the tillage of his farm.

If old Saveall's affections could have been attracted from the point of gain, his little grandaughter's engaging attentions were certainly calculated to produce ſo great a miracle; and though, when the child firſt became his companion, he ſcarcely ever noticed her but to obſerve how much *ſhe ate*, yet by the time ſhe was eight years old ſhe had ſo far worked upon his paſſions as to get a halfpenny every Sunday morning to buy gingerbread, which was to laſt the enſuing week.

Induſtry has been called the parent of virtue; and my little heroine proves it is an excellent foundation for the practice of it, for at the age of four years ſhe had been taught the neceſſity of making herſelf uſeful. Old Deborah was an adept both in ſpinning and knitting, and her

little pupil did credit to the inſtruction ſhe received, for on the day ſhe was five years old ſhe preſented her grandaddy (as ſhe uſed to call him) with a pair of ſpeckled ſtockings of her own knitting, and by that means made a firſt impreſſion upon his ſelfiſh affections. Beſides knitting and ſpinning, ſhe was able to aſſiſt the old houſekeeper in the care of the pigs and poultry; and, as there was an extra perſon to look after them, the former reſolved to increaſe his ſtock, and, inſtead of ſelling them to a higgler who paſſed the farm in his way to London, to ſend Deborah with them to the neighbouring market.

The old woman had regularly gone to Dorcheſter twice a week, from the time Sally was ſeven years old until ſhe entered her eleventh year, when the fatigue of the employment, and the infirmities of old age, compelled her to inform her maſter

maſter ſhe was no longer able to perform the taſk.

Saveall, who had an averſion to the very name of medicine, becauſe it *coſt money*, began to calculate between the expence of a few draughts and the loſs of ſelling his poultry, and, finding he ſhould be a gainer if he could reſtore Deborah's vigour, offered to ſend for the village doctor; but Deborah, knowing that her debility proceeded from age rather than diſeaſe, declined the offer, and propoſed that Sally ſhould fill the ſtation ſhe was forced to relinquiſh.

Oh! do, dear grandaddy! let me take the fowls to market! exclaimed Sally; I know the way as well as Deborah, and I know how to aſk more *than I am to take*, and all about it; do, dear, dear grandaddy, pray let me go!

Why, you hardly know that two and two make four, ſaid the old man peeviſhly; and how do you think, child, I can

truſt you to *take money?* why you'd be the ruin of me if I was to think of ſuch a thing! Good lack, good lack! what an unlucky thing this is!

Indeed, grandaddy, replied the child, I know a great deal more than you think for; and if you'd teach me all about the money, I'd ſoon learn, I warrant ye; and I ſhould be ſo happy if you would but let me go to Dorcheſter market.

Deborah had taught Sally to read; but as to writing and accompts, that was a branch of education which old Saveall had hitherto thought unneceſſary: however, the caſe was now altered; and, if Sally was to be truſted with *money*, it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould know its value, and he immediately reſolved to become her inſtructor.

The facility with which ſhe acquired a knowledge of figures both aſtoniſhed and delighted her grandfather, and it was agreed that, on the following Saturday,

Sally

Sally ſhould begin the office of market-woman, accompanied by Deborah, who reſolved to make one more exertion for the ſake of obſerving whether her charge was capable of the undertaking.

Few miſſes going to a dancing maſter's ball would have felt half the delight Sally experienced at the thoughts of being intruſted with ſo important a poſt; and the joy of twice a week beholding the gaiety of a market ſcene appeared the height of human felicity.

The beauty of her countenance, the ſweetneſs of her ſmile, and the glow of animation that was ſpread over her features, attracted the attention of every perſon in the market; and the artleſs innocence with which ſhe anſwered the queſtions of her cuſtomers ſoon inſured the ſale of her commodities; and the report which Deborah made of her accuracy in *money concerns* ſo delighted the old man, that he actually made her a preſent of a

new

new ſixpence which ſhe had brought home from market.

To be in the poſſeſſion of *ſixpence!* a *whole ſilver ſixpence!* appeared to her almoſt inconceivable, and ſhe went to bed reflecting upon the variety of things ſhe would purchaſe the next market day.

Old Saveall began to think he had been *too prodigal*, and imagined he might give his grandaughter a taſte for *expenſive pleaſures*, ſo opening her door juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into bed; Hark'e, child, ſaid he, don't think I gave you that SUM OF MONEY to fool away in toys or gingerbread; no, I gave it you to ſee whether you had ſenſe enough to know its *value*; and if you can ſhow it me *untouched* this day month, why I'll give you another.

Oh, I ſhall not ſpend it all at *once*, grandaddy, replied the child, and if I *can* keep it for a month, *I will*; but there's

ſo

ſo many pretty things at Dorcheſter, that I *can't promiſe.*

The next market day at length arrived, and with it a return of Sally's felicity. Deborah packed up the baſket, laid a clean white towel over it, and, charging Sally to *try* every ſhilling before ſhe took it, gave her a ſlice of brown bread and butter in her hand, and watched her until ſhe was out of ſight.

Happineſs certainly depends more upon the mind than upon external circumſtances, or no one would have imagined that a child of ten years old, dragging a baſket much too heavy for it to carry, could be eſteemed an enviable human being; yet Sally's felicity was at that moment complete, and ſhe would have been a *loſer* had ſhe exchanged ſituations with a princeſs! Her grandfather's admonition was entirely forgotten, and her mind was occupied by the idea of diſpoſing of the ſixpence, when a child, about a year younger

younger than herſelf, overtook her, and in a plaintive tone ſolicited charity.

There's a nice piece of bread and butter for you, ſaid Sally, and I wiſh I had not eaten a morſel of it, for I'm ſure you want it more than I do.

Mammy *wants* it *moſt*, replied the child, for I believe ſhe'll be *ſtarved to death*; but God Almighty bleſs you, little girl, do give me an halfpenny, for my poor mammy's very bad with an ague, and can neither work nor beg.

It was the firſt time an addreſs had ever been made to Sally's feelings, and the effect was natural. *Starved to death!* ſaid ſhe, in a faultering tone, whilſt the tears of ſympathy trembled in her eye; no, that ſhe *ſha'n't*; and, taking out her handkerchief and untying the ſixpence from the corner of it, There, little girl, ſhe continued, run and buy ſomething for your poor mammy, and never ſay ſhe'll be

ſtarved

ſtarved to *death again*, for that is ſhocking indeed!

A beggar on Saveall's grounds would have been as extraordinary as a mine of gold in them, for his character was too well known for any one to approach, and Sally therefore was wholly unuſed to the ſtyle of ſupplication: ſhe had often heard her grandfather abuſe a neighbour of his for acts of benevolence, and declare that thoſe who would not work *deſerved to ſtarve*, and that giving to beggars was waſting property. The recollection of this circumſtance ſtruck her as ſoon as the little mendicant had parted from her, and ſhe reſolved not to tell him how ſhe had diſpoſed of the money; ſhe went to market, was ſucceſsful in the ſale of her poultry, and quitted Dorcheſter with a heart as light as ſhe had entered it. 'Tis true ſhe had caſt a wiſhful gaze at the toy-ſhops and cake-ſtalls, but the idea of having ſaved a fellow *creature from ſtarv-*

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ing immediately reconciled her to the manner of diſpoſing of her money.

As ſhe reached the field that divided her grandfather's grounds from his benevolent neighbour's, ſhe was aſtoniſhed at beholding the child, who a few hours before had called forth her compaſſion and received her charity, and who, the moment ſhe eſpied Sally, run up to her, and opening a little coarſe bag ſhe carried in her hand, diſplayed part of the ſcrag end of a neck of mutton, and ſome turnips.

Look *here!* ſaid ſhe, in evident exultation, I got *all this* for *your ſixpence*; and come with me to Mr. Cotton's ſhed, and there you'll ſee my poor mammy.

Sally followed her little acquaintance, and found that Mr. Cotton's ſhed joined her grandfather's pigſty. This circumſtance gave her infinite ſatisfaction, as ſhe knew it would enable her to continue her friendſhip; and, after expreſſing concern for the poor woman's ſituation, and

charging the little beggar never to venture upon her grandfather's grounds, ſhe promiſed they ſhould ſoon ſee her again.

The farmer had begun to grow uneaſy at Sally's abſence, and Deborah had been ſeveral times at the wicket to watch her return, when they perceived her jumping over the ſtile that led to the houſe. The old man inſtantly hobbled out, and in a tone of anxious inquiry, demanded whether all the *money was ſafe?*

The reply entirely diſpelled his fears, and Sally was loaded with praiſe and approbation.

It had been a conſtant cuſtom with Sally to take her bread and cheeſe at night, and her bread and milk in the morning, and eat under an old oak tree, for the pleaſure of ſeeing the little birds gather up the crumbs, which ſhe intentionally ſcattered for their ſupport; but

on the evening of her return from market, inſtead of carrying her ſupper to the tree, ſhe went directly to the pigſty, and calling to the little beggar, ſhared with her what had been given for her own ſupport. The next morning ſhe adopted the ſame method with her bread and milk, and continued the practice for ſeveral days ſucceſſively.

One morning, as ſhe was gratifying her own feelings by this benevolent practice, an elderly gentleman paſſed the ſhed, and, ſtruck by the miſerable appearance of its inhabitants, inſtantly entered it, with the intention of affording them relief.

The moment Sally had ſhared her breakfaſt with the mendicant, ſhe jumped down from the paling on which ſhe had been ſtanding, and, terrified leſt by any accident her grandfather ſhould diſcover her method of diſpoſing of his victuals, ſhe ran haſtily towards the houſe, but not before Colonel Campbell had examined

examined her features, and been ſtruck with the ſweetneſs of her countenance.

As ſoon as he had fulfilled the benevolent intention of his viſit, he inquired of the woman who the little girl was he had ſeen ſo humanely and charitably employed as he entered the ſhed.

She's an angel ſent from heaven, I believe, ſir, replied the woman, but her name, ſhe ſays, is Crawford; and then repeated the whole of her conduct, from the time of the little beggar meeting her near Dorcheſter to the preſent moment.

Crawford! replied the gentleman, in aſtoniſhment; ſhe can never be the daughter of a Lieutenant Crawford, formerly belonging to my regiment! yet there's a likeneſs in the child to ſome one I have ſeen, and I heard he had offended all his family by marrying a farmer's daughter merely for her beauty! I muſt inquire into this matter, continued the

colonel, for the child has intereſted me; and ſo ſaying, he walked away.

The clergyman of the pariſh, to whom he was on a viſit, anſwered all his interrogations, and ſoon convinced him, that Sally Crawford was actually the daughter of a man he had once a ſincere regard for.

Mrs. Campbell, who had no children of her own, was ſo much intereſted by her huſband's account of Sally's conduct, that ſhe reſolved to call at the farm the next morning for the purpoſe of ſeeing her, and if her appearance was as ſtriking as the colonel repreſented, offering to take her as a little companion.

Sally had a lapful of barley, and was going to feed the poultry juſt as Colonel and Mrs. Campbell entered the yard, and dropping a low courteſy, and colouring with confuſion, begged to know what they would be pleaſed to have?

I underſtand your poultry are the *beſt*

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in the neighbourhood, my little roſy cheeks, ſaid Mrs. Campbell, and therefore I wiſh to purchaſe ſome of them.

Sally was quite at home when poultry was the ſubject, and anſwered all Mrs. Campbell's queſtions with unembarraſſed civility; but when ſhe began inquiring after the little beggar whom her charity had relieved, and her bounty in great meaſure ſupported, her confuſion became violent, and burſting into tears, ſhe intreated Mrs. Campbell not to tell her grandfather, or Deborah; for if you do, madam, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall *never, never, be forgiven!*

I am ſhocked, my generous hearted child, replied Mrs. Campbell, that you ſhould be fearful of owning your breaſt was open to the interceſſions of misfortune, and lament that you ſhould not have been taught to believe that *compaſſion* and *humanity* were eſſential to the character of a chriſtian; however, if you

will come and live with me, I will not only give you a ſufficient ſum of money to enable you to indulge your charitable propenſity, but ſhall applaud, and reward you, for every act of benevolence.

Will you, indeed, give me money enough to buy poor Suſan and her mother clothes? exclaimed the child; her countenance glowing with delight at the bare idea of it.

Moſt *certainly I will*, replied Mrs. Campbell, and to prove it, you ſhall take me to their miſerable abode, and then I ſhall be able to judge in what manner I can be moſt ſerviceable. Sally led the way to the pigſty, and calling Suſan, ſaid, Here's a good lady want's your mammy.

Mrs. Campbell was ſoon informed that the poor woman and her child were on a journey to ſee her huſband's relations, when ſhe was attacked by a violent fit of the ague, and that, during the time ſhe

was

was ill, ſhe had been robbed at the public houſe of the little ſum that was to ſupport her on her journey; and, being unable to write, could think of no method of informing her friends of her ſituation, and was literally ſaved from *ſtarving* by the humane attentions of Sally Crawford.

The benevolent Mrs. Campbell heard this ſimple narration with the livelieſt compaſſion, and turning to the poor woman, ſaid, Well, my good friend, I flatter myſelf your troubles (which have been ſevere) are now over; I will give you a ſufficient ſum to take a place for yourſelf and child in the ſtage coach, and to procure you a few neceſſaries to make a decent appearance; and as to this dear child, to whoſe humanity you owe all your good fortune, I muſt perſuade her grandfather to part with, for as I have no family of my own, ſuch an amiable companion will be a great acquiſition to me.

At

At that moment old Saveall returned from plough, and hearing from Deborah that Sally and a fine lady and gentleman were gone down to the pigſty, he hobbled after them, indulging the hope that he might make a *good bargain.*

When Mrs. Campbell firſt propoſed taking his grandaughter away, he ſturdily refuſed: but when ſhe offered to pay a girl for doing the offices ſhe had performed, his tone altered, and he ſaid, Sal might do as ſhe liked.

The gentleneſs of Mrs. Campbell's manners had made an inſtantaneous impreſſion upon little Sally's heart, and, delighted at her grandfather's permiſſion, ſhe declared herſelf ready to *go directly.*

Preparation was unneceſſary, and Mrs. Campbell deſired that the few clothes ſhe poſſeſſed might all be given to the little beggar, promiſing to take her to Dorcheſter the next morning, and purchaſe ſuch as would be more ſuitable to her

her new ſituation. After embracing her grandfather, taking leave of old Deborah, and ſaying good-bye to the two boys, Sally returned to Mrs. Campbell with a heart glowing with delight, and a countenance teſtifying its pleaſing ſenſations.

Oh, grandpapa! exclaimed the children, what a nice little girl was Sally Crawford; and how different to that unfeeling Miſs Strickland.

She was an amiable child indeed, replied Mr. Dorville, and well deſerved the good fortune which attended her; but it always happens, that virtue meets with its reward, and vice with its puniſhment, either ſooner or later; and I am aſtoniſhed that the certainty of that circumſtance is not the means of encouraging the practice of the one, and deſtroying the contagion of the *other*. But, continued Mr. Dorville, I think I hear the ſound of the dinner bell, and my appetite tells me

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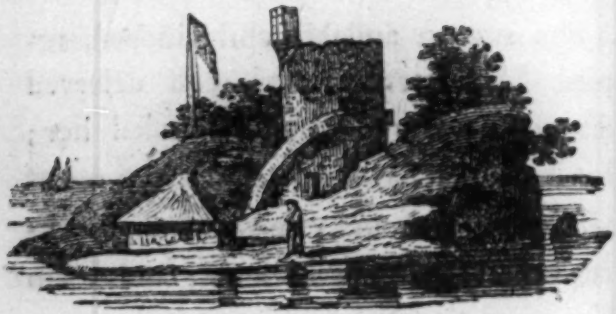
it is time; yet I have another ſtory in reſerve for to-morrow morning, which I think will pleaſe you as well as the one I have juſt related.

The next morning arrived, the party aſſembled, and Mr. Dorville fulfilled his engagement in the following words.



THE

THE LITTLE NEGRO BOY; OR, CRUELTY TO DEPENDENTS.

At a beautiful village in Devonſhire lived a Mr. Clifford, the worthy rector of the pariſh in which he reſided: his manners were poliſhed, his mind expanded, and his heart one of the moſt perfect that ever inhabited a human breaſt. His family conſiſted of two ſons and two daughters, who mutually endeavoured to promote the happineſs of each other, and a more perfect ſcene of temporal felicity could not be found than that which was exhibited at the rectory.

Horace

Horace Clifford had juſt entered his fourteenth year, his brother Henry his twelfth, and his ſiſters Emely and Matilda (who were twins) their eleventh, when Mr. Warren, a rich Eaſt Indian, purchaſed a very beautiful ſeat within half a mile of Mr. Clifford's reſidence.

The magnificence of the equipage, the number of the retinue, and the oſtentation that was diſplayed upon the family's arrival at Belvour Caſtle (which was the name of Mr. Warren's habitation), was calculated to excite envy and aſtoniſhment in the little, and the vulgar minded, but had a very different effect upon Mr. Clifford's, for he ſincerely lamented the probability there appeared of eaſtern pride contaminating the ſimplicity of ruſtic manners.

Mr. Warren's family conſiſted of a maiden ſiſter and an only ſon, whoſe mother had been dead about ſeven years; and to attend theſe three important perſonages

ſonages no leſs than five and twenty ſervants were employed, beſides a tutor for the young gentleman, and an unfortunate little African, whoſe name was Tippo, as his companion.

As ſoon as Mr. Warren was eſtabliſhed in his new abode, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford thought it neceſſary to pay them the accuſtomed civility of a firſt viſit; and though they were received with politeneſs, and treated with the utmoſt ceremony, yet there was an oſtentatious diſplay of grandeur, that at once convinced Mr. Clifford, though they were neighbours, it was impoſſible they could be *friends*.

Charles Warren had been ſent to England, and placed under the care of his aunt, ſeveral years before his father's arrival; and as Mrs. Rebecca was in great meaſure dependent upon her brother for a comfortable ſubſiſtence, ſhe imagined no method would be ſo likely to inſure a

continuance of his favours, as that of gaining the affection of his hopeful heir, who, from the earlieſt dawn of reaſon, had teſtified a repugnance to controul, and an inclination to domineer.

This unfortunate propenſity had not only been ſuffered to take root in his youthful mind, but had been abſolutely cultured and encouraged under the miſtaken indulgence of his aunt Rebecca, and no leſs than five tutors had been diſcharged for *preſuming* to correct a *boy of his conſequence*. His preſent governor, whoſe name was *Pliant*, was in high favour with the young gentleman, for he not only performed the taſks himſelf, and diſplayed them to Mr. Warren as his pupil's performance, but aſſiſted him in all the pranks he thought proper to play his little companion Tippo, or the tricks he was inclined to amuſe himſelf with upon the ſervants.

Mr. Warren, who was fond of ſociety,

took great pains to cultivate Mr. Clifford's acquaintance, and the repeated attentions he was in the habit of receiving from the caſtle, ſeemed to have a claim upon his politeneſs and civility.

In conſequence of the intercourſe that ſubſiſted between the families, a degree of intimacy naturally aroſe between the young people; and though Mr. Clifford had no apprehenſion his boys would imitate the unamiable manners of Charles Warren, yet he ſincerely wiſhed his father had never ſettled in that neighbourhood.

Every ſpecies of toy that could amuſe, and every new game that could entertain, was to be found at Belvour caſtle; and the two boys felt an indiſcribable pleaſure at going there, though each owned they were not partial to the future lord of that vaſt domain.

From the firſt moment the Cliffords had obtained an intimacy at the caſtle,

they had been ſhocked at Charles's conduct to the little African, whoſe countenance and manners had greatly intereſted them in his favour, and they had even ventured to remonſtrate, in a very ſpirited language, upon the impropriety of it.

One afternoon, in the latter end of autumn, the two Cliffords aſked their father's permiſſion to viſit their friend Warren, and as they had performed their taſks much to his ſatisfaction, they found no difficulty in obtaining his conſent.

As their company was unexpected, Charles was not in the way to receive them; but being informed he was in the garden with Mr. Pliant and little Tippo, they immediately followed them thither. The garden was large, the ſhrubbery *extenſive*, and they began to deſpair of finding their friend, when they were directed to a clump of trees by the ſound of *intreaty* and diſtreſs! They eagerly haſtened

ed to the ſpot, but before they reached it they diſtinctly heard:

Oh, maſſar! dear maſſar! poor Tippo ſhiver! poor Tippo die! Indeed, maſſar, me never cry with cold again! me never cry with cold again! and, turning quickly round a corner, they beheld poor Tippo tied to a tree, whilſt Charles and his inhuman tutor were entertaining themſelves by covering him with cold water from little ivory ſquirts.

We are ſeaſoning this young dog, exclaimed Pliant as they approached, for the ſeverity of a northern climate, young gentlemen, for you'll hardly believe he has been crying with the cold this fine afternoon; but it was a happy thought of maſter Warren's, and if you have a mind, you ſhall partake of the ſport.

Sir, replied Horace, walking up to Mr. Pliant, and looking at him with the moſt marked contempt, my father has taught me a better leſſon than to *ſport* with the

feelings of the unfortunate; and as to you, Charles, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Warren, I thought you had been more of a man than to have uſed a fellow creature with ſuch barbarity.

A *fellow creature!* ſaid Charles, apparently aſhamed of his conduct; why I don't conſider *Tippo* as a *fellow creature*; no more would *you* if you had been in the *Eaſt Indies*; but it was all a *joke*, and Tippo don't mind it, do you, Tippo?

During the time Horace had been converſing with Mr. Pliant and Charles, Henry had been engaged in unfaſtening poor Tippo, and wiping the wet from his hair and boſom, whilſt he was pouring forth his gratitude in broken ſentences and half expreſſed acknowledgments; and when Charles put the queſtion to him, an expreſſive ſhake of the head teſtified that he felt their *joke* as a *ſerious evil.*

You ſee, ſaid Horace, the poor fellow

has been cruelly hurt by your joke, and you know that he is equally capable of feeling with yourſelf.

I know no ſuch thing, replied Charles haughtily, provoked at being again taken to taſk for his conduct; for I know that a black has no more feeling than a jack-aſs; beſides, my papa bought him on purpoſe for me, and I ſhall treat him as I think proper; *feeling*—and *fellow creature*, indeed, fine language to talk before *a ſlave!* Here, you, ſir, continued he, do you pretend to call yourſelf *my fellow creature?*

No, maſſa, no, replied the poor boy; no fellow to you—fellow mean two alike; but you be rich, and I be poor; you be *free*, and I be *ſlave*. The contraſt was too ſtriking for Tippo's feelings, and he burſt into an agony of tears.

Don't cry, my man, ſaid Horace, taking him by the hand, and looking at him with the utmoſt pity and tenderneſs. At that moment

moment Mr. Warren approached, and Charles, exulting at the appearance of one who would be likely to encourage his inhumanity, exclaimed, Now, you little *black raſcal*, if you have any more ſnivelling fits, the rattan, I fancy, will ſoon cure you of them.

Mr. Warren was in purſuit of the tutor, to point out ſome alteration he intended making in the pleaſure ground, and, taking him by the arm, led him immediately to the ſpot, whilſt the young party, in very ill humour with each other, ſauntered careleſsly towards the houſe. Horace ſtill retained the hand of poor little Tippo, and, as they preceded Charles and Henry, they entered the ſaloon together.

This was an inſupportable breach of that humility and deference which Tippo had been taught was neceſſary to practiſe towards his young maſter, and Charles's indignation was no longer kept within

within bounds; and, catching the offender by the hair, he loaded him with the moſt abuſive language, and then kicked him down the ſteps which he had juſt aſcended.

Horace, whoſe temper was naturally warm, was as incapable of patiently *witneſſing* oppreſſion, as he was of *practiſing it*, and, going up in a ſpirited manner to Warren, he ſaid, Beg Tippo's pardon directly, or I'll teach you the method of doing it.

Beg *his* pardon! exclaimed the other in a rage; that's the way I beg his pardon when I have offended him; ſo ſaying, he ſpit directly in the poor boy's face.

Horace, no longer able to reſtrain his indignation, bent his fiſt and ſtruck Charles ſo violent a blow on the face, that his noſe inſtantly guſhed out a bleeding, and he ran into a corner of the room,

room, roaring out, I'm killed! I'm killed!

The dreadful noiſe ſoon reached the ears of his terrified aunt, who, ruſhing into the room, demanded what had happened to her darling boy?

Charles ſtill continued his outrageous complainings, and, pointing to Horace, convinced his father, who had been attracted by his ſcreams, from whom he had received the injury.

Mrs. Rebecca was abſolutely violent in her abuſe, and his father declared he'd write the whole account of the affair to Mr. Clifford.

Horace, in a calm but ſteady manner, explained every circumſtance to Mr. Warren, declaring that he never would ſee poor Tippo ſo ſhamefully treated, without endeavouring to revenge his injuries, as he knew he dare not do it for himſelf.

You may revenge his *injuries*, and ſup-

port

port his *impudence*, replied Mr. Warren in a rage, for I will have nothing to do with either; and as to you, young gentleman, as I find you are one of the boxing ſort, I never deſire to ſee you in my houſe again, for my ſon's life is of too much importance for me to truſt him in ſuch hot-headed ſociety.

Neither Horace nor his brother required twice telling to leave the houſe; bowing therefore to Mr. Warren, and ſhaking Tippo by the hand, who was crying in one corner, they returned to the rectory, much hurt at the occurrences of the afternoon.

The idea that he ſhould have been the occaſion of Tippo's being turned out of a ſituation where, if he was not happy, he was at leaſt provided with the neceſſaries of life, was a circumſtance that gave poor Horace the moſt ſerious concern, and he retired to his own room greatly

greatly dejected and thoroughly out of ſpirits.

Horace and Henry had obtained Mr. Clifford's leave to get up early the following morning, and walk to the next village to inquire after the gardener's health, who had been ill for ſome days, and, as they croſſed the church-yard, they perceived ſomebody lying in the porch. Curioſity induced them to approach; but what was their aſtoniſhment at beholding Tippo ſtretched out, and faſt aſleep! Tippo! Tippo! articulated both the boys at once; why, my poor fellow, what do you do here?

Oh, maſſar! dear maſſar! replied the boy, burſting into an agony of tears, poor Tippo, no money, no houſe, no country, no friends, and ſo he lay himſelf down and die; and den he go to good place up dare. Saying this, he pointed to the heavens, and continued in a muſing attitude with his eyes fixed on the clouds.

clouds. I have plenty of money in my pocket, ſaid Henry, putting in his hand, and drawing out five ſhillings, ſo don't cry, dear Tippo; and I'm ſure my brother will give you all he is worth, and that will keep you for a long time, ſo don't cry, my lad.

At that moment Captain Courtney paſſed, a naval officer, and particular friend of Mr. Clifford's, and going up to his young acquaintance, demanded the reaſon of their looking ſo melancholy.

I am the moſt unfortunate boy in the world, ſir, ſaid Horace, endeavouring to hide his emotion; I thought to have *proved* myſelf that *poor fellow's friend*, but, as it has happened, I have been his *greateſt enemy*. He then related all that had paſſed the preceding evening, and intreated Captain Courtney would tell him what muſt be done.

We muſt make a ſailor of him, replied the captain, clapping him on the ſhould-

er; what ſay you, my lad? are you willing to ſerve your king and country? Yes, maſſar, replied the boy; me ſerve any body dat be good to me by night and by day; Tippo love dem, Tippo mind dem, and Tippo try to be good boy.

A bargain then, returned the captain, and you ſhall ſet off with me for Briſtol this afternoon, for my ſhip has received immediate orders for ſailing, and we'll try if we cannot give the French a drubbing.

Captain Courtney then told his young friends, that they muſt return home, and awake their father, who he was anxious to ſee upon particular buſineſs.

Mr. Clifford was up and dreſſed when his friend arrived, and not a little aſtoniſhed at ſeeing him in company with the young African. The preceding evening's adventure was immediately diſcloſed, and though Mr. Clifford compaſſionated the ſufferings of the little ſtranger,

and

and was reſolved to befriend him, yet he thought it neceſſary to wait upon Mr. Warren, and inquire whether he reſigned all claim to the unfortunate Tippo.

When he arrived at the caſtle, inſtead of being treated with that politeneſs that was due to a gentleman, he was abſolutely inſulted by its haughty poſſeſſor, and told, that he was at liberty to act as he thought proper with the object of his compaſſion, provided he was never ſeen upon any part of the domain.

Captain Courtney's offer of taking Tippo under his protection appeared too flattering to Mr. Clifford not to be eagerly accepted; and, taking a twenty pound bank note from his pocket-book, he requeſted the captain to lay it out in ſuch a manner for the little ſailor as would be moſt eligible, promiſing a renewal of the ſame ſum whenever Captain Courtney thought proper to demand it:

he then took Tippo with him into his ſtudy, and gave him ſuch advice as was moſt likely to make an impreſſion on his youthful mind, and, above all, beſought him to love and honour his protector.

The little fellow, whoſe heart was quite overpowered with ſenſations of gratitude, fell upon his knees before Mr. Clifford, and in the ſtrongeſt language his feelings could ſuggeſt, promiſed to merit the kindneſs of his friends.

In about two hours after breakfaſt, Captain Courtney's carriage arrived, and the little ſailor took leave of his benefactors with an unfeigned emotion, that at once teſtified both his gratitude and affection.

In about ſix months after Tippo had left Devonſhire, Mr. Clifford received a letter from Captain Courtney, informing him they had taken a capital prize, and that Tippo's ſhare would amount to near two hundred pounds. He deſcribed him

as being one of the moſt tractable lads on board the ſhip, and declared he experienced the higheſt ſatisfaction in inſtructing him in his duty.

This was pleaſing intelligence both to Horace and Henry, who from the firſt moment they had beheld Tippo had commiſerated his misfortunes, and felt intereſted in his welfare; and they were ſtill more delighted when a ſecond letter arrived from Captain Courtney, in which he declared his reſolution of altering his will in favour of the little African, whoſe fidelity, zeal, and attachment, merited the utmoſt kindneſs he could beſtow upon him.

In reflecting upon the inhumanity of Charles Warren, my dear children, ſaid Mr. Dorville, you will naturally be led to deſpiſe a character ſo deſtitute of feeling; for to treat a being with cruelty or inſult, who dares not venture

to reſent the injury, is one of the ſtrongeſt proofs of a daſtardly ſpirit, and a littleneſs of mind, that can poſſibly be diſplayed, and is at once degrading to manhood, and diſgraceful to human nature.

But what a nice boy Horace Clifford was, grandpapa, ſaid Albert; I wiſh we lived near him, for I ſhould like him for a friend.

I wiſh you did, replied Mr. Dorville; for *good example* is generally more impreſſive than *good advice*; though I muſt ſay, that I do not think the latter has been thrown away upon any of you, for I do not believe there are three better children in the nine kingdoms.

I'm glad you think ſo, grandpapa, they all exclaimed; but don't you think you have time to tell us *one* more ſtory?

If I allow that you are *good*, continued Mr. Dorville, I muſt ſay, that you are *unreaſonable*; for ſurely one ſtory a day might ſatisfy you. However, as I dine

out

out to-morrow, and ſhall be engaged all the morning, I will endeavour to comply with your requeſt, on condition that I am excuſed my daily taſk to-morrow.

Oh, yes, we'll excuſe you, ſaid the children, and Mr. Dorville began as follows.

THE

AMIABLE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Mr. Willoughby, a man of large fortune and good temper, was at the age of five and thirty left a widower with three children, for whom he unfortunately felt a very misplaced, yet tender affection.

Mr. Willoughby was the son of a man who had amassed a large fortune in the mercantile line, and not having married until very late in life, he so thoroughly doated upon his darling child, that he was never suffered to be out of his sight; and though he had a private tutor at home,

home, his education was conſidered quite as a *ſecondary* object. Whatever was thought likely to promote his health, or encourage a natural cheerfulneſs of diſpoſition, was ſought after with the utmoſt avidity; and as the ſports of the field were recommended, young Willoughby followed them with an eagerneſs very natural at his time of life.

As ſchools were a conſtant object of ridicule with his father, it was very natural for him to imbibe the ſame prejudice, and when he became a parent himſelf he loudly declared againſt his children being ſent to any. He had married from affection, and the loſs of his wife was the ſevereſt misfortune that could have befallen him. His father and mother were both dead, and he had no near relation who intereſted themſelves in the welfare of his children; but Mrs. Manſel, a lady who had been in the habits of intimacy with Mrs. Willoughby,

Willoughby, waited upon him immediately after her funeral, offered her aſſiſtance in the arrangement of his domeſtic affairs, and intreated him either to ſend his children immediately to ſome *good ſchool*, or engage ſome lady of undoubted reſpectability as private governeſs, to ſupply the loſs they had ſo recently ſuſtained.

Mr. Willoughby appeared grateful for her advice, but proteſted he would ſooner ſee his girls dairy maids than boarding ſchool miſſes without two uſeful ideas in their head; and as to the plan of a fine lady governeſs, that he declared was equally bad, and vowed he would as ſoon take a ſerpent into his houſe as one of them.

I know, ſaid he, (while the tears ran down his face) I can never ſupply the loſs of their dear mother, but I will do the beſt by them that I can, and if they have not *poliſhed manners*, I flatter myſelf they will

will not have *corrupted minds*; and with a little of your aſſiſtance and my old nurſe's care, I hope and truſt they will turn out good girls.

Eliza Willoughby had juſt entered her eleventh year when ſhe had the misfortune to loſe her amiable mother, Charlotte her tenth, and Emily her ſeventh.

For the three firſt months after Mr. Willoughby's loſs, he confined himſelf to the ſuperintending the important truſts that had fallen to his care; he daily heard his children read and ſay their prayers, made them devote parts of the day to work with nurſe Dobbins, and made them attend to their dancing, writing, and muſic, in the ſame manner as they had done during the life of their mother; but the ſporting ſeaſon arrived, the violence of his grief abated, and horſes and dogs claimed a ſhare of his attention.

Eliza, who had always been a high ſpirited romping girl, began to hold the nurſe's

nurſe's abilities extremely cheap, and in a ſhort time entirely deſpiſed both her inſtruction and reproof. In this mode of conduct ſhe was encouraged by the upper houſe-maid, who was her companion and aſſociate in all ſchemes of miſchief or recreation.

Mrs. Manſel frequently invited the little Willoughbys to her houſe, and was ſhocked at the alteration twelve months had made both in their perſons and manners.

Mr. Willoughby daily became more attached both to the field and bottle, and whilſt he took care to provide his children with every thing that he imagined conſtituted *comforts*, fancied he was fulfilling the important duty which he owed them as a father: accuſtomed in his wife's life to feel pleaſure in her ſociety, he was incapable of ſupporting the vacuum he experienced when his mind was unoccupied by his favourite purſuit, and by

by degrees he became ſo habitually diſſipated, that his children were entirely left to the management of ſervants.

Eliza ſoon grew ſo much attached to her favourite Jenny, that ſhe ſcarcely ever played with her ſiſters, or left her ſide even for a moment. If Jenny went out, Eliza accompanied her; and if ſhe had company, ſhe was alſo of the party. This mode of conduct, ſo diſgraceful to herſelf, and ſo diſpleaſing to the nurſe, was at laſt mentioned to Mr. Willoughby, who too late perceived the error of his conduct, and was well convinced of his own inability to correct the failing he had committed. He had long been accuſtomed to view Mrs. Manſel as a woman of a very ſuperior underſtanding, and to her he applied for inſtruction and advice.

The intereſt ſhe appeared to take in his children's welfare, and the anxiety ſhe expreſſed to promote their happineſs,

firſt gave riſe to the idea of her becoming their mother-in-law; but when he reflected that her fortune was ſuperior to his own, and her ſituation ſo entirely independent, he deſpaired of obtaining the accompliſhment of his wiſhes.

But whether it was merely a deſire to ſave the unfortunate children from impending ruin, or whether Mr. Willoughby's perſon was really agreeable to Mrs. Manſel, I cannot pretend to ſay, but at the expiration of ſix months from the time of his declaration, ſhe became the wife of Mr. Willoughby, to the great mortification of Eliza, and the deſtruction of all the fine laid ſchemes of miſtreſs Jenny, who was ſo exaſperated at finding ſhe was to quit the houſe on the day of her maſter's marriage, that ſhe took care to poiſon Eliza's mind againſt the perſon to whom ſhe attributed her diſcharge.

As Mrs. Manſel had always treated the little Willoughbys both with affection

and

and tenderneſs, ſhe was greatly hurt upon her arrival to find them all receive her careſſes with coldneſs, and Eliza with diſguſt; however, ſhe reſolved to diſguiſe her feelings, and win them to confidence by gentleneſs and conciliation. With Charlotte and Emily ſhe ſoon ſucceeded, but Eliza ſtill remained *ſullen*, *ſilent*, and *diſcontented*; every thing ſhe was deſired to do appeared a taſk, and inſtead of treating her mother with that reſpect which was due to her character, ſhe behaved with a pertneſs that was inſufferable, and an inſolence that deſerved the ſevereſt correction.

Mr. Willoughby, I told you, was a man of large fortune, yet the allowance of pocket money which he made his children was ſo extremely prodigal, that in a ſhort time after their marriage Mrs. Willoughby ventured to point out the impropriety of it, and inſtead of a ſhilling a day, their allowance was reduced

to half-a-crown a week, and a little pocket book preſented to them for the purpoſe of keeping an account of their expences.

This plan was a dreadful drawback upon their gratifications, and a univerſal murmur for ſome moments prevailed; but Mrs. Willoughby ſoon convinced Charlotte and Emily, that laying out ſo much money in cakes, fruit, or toys, was not only waſteful, but abſolutely wicked, and muſt be highly diſpleaſing to that Being, who had beſtowed his bounty for very different purpoſes. She promiſed to put by the four and ſixpence, which they fancied they had a right to receive, for ſix months, and then permit them to ſpend it either in clothes or food, for ſuch of the poor people in the neighbourhood as ſhould be thought deſerving the indulgence; and, after expatiating upon the gratification they would experience in contributing to the happineſs

of

of their fellow creatures, ſhe embraced them with tenderneſs, and deſired them to take a run in the garden.

At the end of Mr. Willoughby's pleaſure grounds two uniform pavilions were raiſed; the one was fitted up in a ſtyle of elegance, and the other ſerved as a reſidence for the head gardener.

Mrs. Willoughby, after the converſation I have juſt related, ſoon followed the children into the garden, and ſeeing only Charlotte and Emily at the ſwing, careleſsly inquired what was become of their ſiſters. They replied, ſhe had promiſed to join them preſently, and Mrs. Willoughby purſued her walk.

As ſhe approached the gardener's pavilion, ſhe fancied ſhe heard tones of diſtreſs, and quickening her pace, ſhe reached it unperceived, and had the mortification of hearing the following converſation.

Jenny. 'Tis not the loſs of money I'm crying for, miſs, I aſſure you; but now I know my father will make me go to ſervice, and I ſhall not have the happineſs of ſeeing your dear face every day, which is my only comfort. Oh, Miſs Willoughby! I told you how it would be; I knew that wicked mother-in-law of yours would turn your papa's heart againſt his *own children*, and now you ſee my words are come true.

Half-a-crown a week, indeed, for young ladies like you! Why, I aſſure you, miſs, that Sally Painter, the carpenter's daughter, who is my couſin, ſpends more than that; and 'tis the greateſt ſhame that ever any body heard of. And as to a book to put down what you ſpend, why, miſs, 'tis juſt for all the world as if you was a poor ſervant. Oh, dear! oh, dear! that ever I ſhould have lived to ſee this day!

Eliza.

Eliza. Don't cry, my poor Jenny, don't cry, I beg of you, for I'll do any thing in the world, rather than you ſhould go to ſervice; nay, I'll even aſk my papa to give me the money *for you.*

Jenny. Oh, Lord bleſs you, miſs, you muſt not do that for the world; but I was juſt thinking, if you was to tell my maſter ſome tale about a poor body being in diſtreſs, and having no money to buy them clothes and victuals, mayhap he would give you ſomething handſome, and then that would make me amends for the loſs of the ſhilling a day which you uſed to be ſo good as to give me.

Mrs. Willoughby was ſo ſhocked at hearing the pernicious counſel of the artful Jenny, that ſhe had not patience to hear more; but entering the pavilion, to the alarm of its inhabitants, inſtantly took Eliza by the hand, and in a firm and angry tone commanded her companion never

never to preſume to venture upon thoſe premiſes again.

Mrs. Willoughby led her agitated daughter to a ſeat on the other ſide the garden, and drawing her gently to her boſom, ſaid, in a voice of pity and tenderneſs, My poor Eliza, I am no longer at a loſs to account for a mode of conduct which was at once painful to me, and injurious to *yourſelf*. The artful inſinuations of that wicked girl were ſufficiently ſtrong to have prejudiced a mind much more capable of judging of their malignity than your own. But endeavour, my love, to conquer this unfortunate diſlike, and view me as a friend, anxious to promote your happineſs, and as a mother tenderly intereſted for your welfare.

Stung with remorſe for her paſt behaviour, and ſubdued by ſuch *unexpected kindneſs*, the penitent Eliza threw herſelf into Mrs. Willoughby's arms, and in the moſt

moſt humiliating terms beſought forgiveneſs.

I not only forgive your failing, my child, ſaid that amiable woman, but pity your infatuation, and truſt it will be a caution to you through life, never to ſuffer yourſelf to enter into habits of intimacy with your *inferiors*; always behave to ſervants with gentleneſs and condeſcenſion, but beware of making them your companions.

Eliza promiſed obedience to her mother's counſel, and attention to her advice, and from that hour totally altered the courſe of her behaviour. Mr. Willoughby had the happineſs of ſeeing his girls daily improve both in mind and manners, and in a very ſhort time the Miſs Willoughbys were mentioned as examples for all the young ladies in their neighbourhood.

The

The dinner bell now rang, and the little party all diſperſed, but not without having firſt obtained their grandfather's promiſe to tell them another ſtory the firſt day he was at leiſure.

GEORGE BELMONT;

OR,

CRUELTY PUNISHED.

GEORGE BELMONT was naturally of ſo unamiable a temper, that though he had been at four different ſchools, and lived in a very populous neighbourhood, yet he had arrived at the age of thirteen without having made one friend, or being able to boaſt of the partiality of a ſingle creature, except his parents, who doated upon him with an exceſs of fondneſs that might in ſome meaſure be the cauſe of his numerous failings. To a large

large ſtock of pride was united an immoderate ſhare of meanneſs, and to an uncontroulable ſpirit a great degree of ſullenneſs. But the predominant feature in his character was an innate love of tormenting, which teſtified itſelf in all his actions.

When at ſchool the boys who were younger than himſelf ſeverely ſuffered from the barbarity of his nature; but, if they had courage enough to reſent his conduct, they were ſure to avoid a repetition of it, for he was as *cowardly* as he was *cruel*.

Within about two miles of Belmont Vale lived a Mr. Darnley, a gentleman of moderate fortune, but ancient family, who, though he was incapable of ſupporting its dignity in *appearance*, yet felt all that independence of mind which high birth ſo naturally inſpires. He had no leſs than eleven children, and that he might be enabled to give them all a liberal education,

education, he deprived himſelf of thoſe qualifications and indulgences he had all his life been in the habit of enjoying; inſtead of a chariot he kept only a ſmall green chair, and inſtead of four male and five female ſervants, his eſtabliſhment was reduced to two of the former and three of the latter.

Frederick Darnley was exactly the age of George Belmont, and was entered at Eton on the ſame day; but as the one was a very forward, and the other a very backward boy, very little communication paſſed between them, for their claſſes were totally different; however, as they lived near, and their fathers were in habits of intimacy, they always went and returned from ſchool together. Probably the coolneſs that ſubſiſted between the boys might have been more occaſioned by the diſſimilarity of their diſpoſitions than the diſparity of their ſtudies; for young Darnley was in every reſpect the

reverſe of George Belmont. He was generous, humane, docile, and good natured; yet he poſſeſſed that manlineſs of ſpirit that would never ſuffer him to receive an affront with tameneſs, or an injury without reſentment.

A few days after Frederick's arrival from Eton one ſummer vacation, Mr. Darnley propoſed they ſhould take a walk to Belmont Vale, and whilſt he was paying his compliments to ſir George, Frederick walked into the park to inquire after the health of his ſon. He ſauntered along a great way without being able to find George, or to ſee a ſingle creature; at laſt he perceived a number of boys aſſembled before the gamekeeper's door, and fancied he perceived his ſchool-fellow amongſt the number. As he approached his ears were frequently ſaluted with ſhouts of noiſy mirth, and he diſtinctly heard them articulate, He's game to the back-bone! Young ſir George will

will win! I'll bet two to one that his honour has the day! Theſe ſentences called forth Frederick's curioſity, and he eagerly puſhed through the group. But what were his ſenſations, and how great was his indignation at perceiving Belmont and the gamekeeper ſeated upon two large ſtones, and ſtripping the feathers from two game cocks, who, ſpent and exhauſted by the conflict they had endured, ſeemed ill calculated to ſuſtain the agonies their inhuman perſecutors were inflicting.

The moment George perceived his ſchoolfellow, he exclaimed, Oh, Darnley, you'll be on my ſide, won't you? Won't you wager that theſe *bloods* will fight as well without their feathers as with them?

Without their feathers! ſaid Frederick, in a voice tremulous from the mingled ſenſations of indignation and compaſſion! For pity's ſake, Belmont, ſtop

your inhuman deſign! Gamekeeper, he exclaimed, I'll give you a guinea for the bird, rather than ſee it tortured in that ſhocking manner.

Well, my young maſter, down with the money then; or elſe, you know, a bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh: hey, young gentleman, don't you know that? Frederick inſtantly put one hand in his pocket, whilſt with the other he held the gamekeeper's arm, to prevent him from purſuing his barbarous employment; but what was his mortification, when he diſcovered that the whole ſtock of his purſe only amounted to nine and ſixpence.

That's pretty ſhort of a guinea, my young ſquire, ſaid the unfeeling wretch, and ſo his honour and I ſhan't be foiled of our ſport; and if you are ſo mighty girliſh as not to chooſe to ſee it, why, e'en walk away, the park is big enough.

Enraged

Enraged at the man's impertinent mode of ſpeaking, yet ſtill more indignant at perceiving he was going to perſevere in his occupation, Frederick made a ſudden ſpring at the cock, and ſnatching it from the arms of its tormentor, took to his heels, and ſoon outran his inhuman purſuers.

Elated with his exploit, and breathleſs with exertion, he reached the garden juſt as ſir George Belmont and Mr. Darnley were quitting it in purſuit of him.

My deareſt Frederick, ſaid Mr. Darnley, perceiving the blood on his clothes (which had ſtreamed from the unfortunate bird) what has happened? what has befallen you?

Oh, nothing papa; nothing, replied Frederick, as ſoon as he could recover his breath, only that I have had a good race to ſave this poor fellow's life; and if you will make haſte to the gamekeeper's lodge, perhaps we may be in time to pre-

ſerve his companion's. He then briefly related what had paſſed, carefully endeavouring to throw the greateſt ſhare of the blame upon the gamekeeper, and gloſſing over his ſchoolfellow's ſhare in the buſineſs as much as he poſſibly could.

Mr. Darnley was ſhocked and exaſperated at the account, and proteſted if a ſon of his had been guilty of ſuch an act of wanton barbarity, he would have had half the hair pulled out of his head by the roots, that he might have had ſome idea of the torture he had inflicted; but ſir George merely ſaid he was a *wanton fellow*, and knew not that he was giving the creature pain.

They walked to the gamekeeper's with the utmoſt expedition, but unfortunately were not in time to fulfil their humane intention, for when George perceived Frederick had run away with the bird, he was ſo enraged at being diſappointed of his promiſed amuſement, that he

he took the cock by the legs, which he held in his hand, and daſhed its head with ſuch violence againſt the ſtone on which he had been ſitting, as immediately terminated both its ſufferings and its life; and the firſt object that ſtruck Frederick's eye as he reached the ſpot, was the luckleſs bird bleeding on the ground.

It was with the utmoſt difficulty Mr. Darnley reſtrained his indignation, when he heard ſir George ſay to his ſon, Why, Belmont, are you going to turn natural philoſopher? for I ſuppoſe your ſtripping the feathers from the cock proceeded from your deſire of making experiments?

Yes, papa, replied the boy, I did want to make an experiment indeed, and to win a wager too; and ſhould have done it, had it not been for Darnley's interference.

I am very happy, ſaid Mr. Darnley, my ſon did interfere, as it was the means

of

of ſaving the luckleſs animal's life; but I ſhall take care, young man, that he ſhall never again break in upon your amuſements, for they muſt inevitably either deſtroy his humanity, or wound his feelings: then, turning to the gamekeeper, and taking a guinea from his pocket, There, ſir, ſaid he, is the ſum which my ſon promiſed as a ranſom for the defenceleſs victim of your barbarity; and, wiſhing ſir George good morning, determined in his own mind that Frederick ſhould have no farther intercouſe with ſo unamiable a character.

For ſome moments after Mr. Darnley had taken leave, George Belmont felt a ſenſation ſomething reſembling of ſhame; but the appearance of the gamekeeper's wife with a lapful of young kittens, which ſhe was juſt going to drown, diſperſed the amiable glow, ere it formed itſelf into feeling, and reſtored his boſom

to the hardneſs and inhumanity which was ſo natural to it.

Let me have thoſe young imps, Mrs. Collins, exclaimed George. Let *me* have the fun of drowning them! To be ſure, ſir, if you pleaſe, replied the woman, and ſhall I fetch a pail of water, ſir?

Oh, no! not a pail, there'll be no fun in that;—here, clap them in my hat, ſaid he, and fetch the old cat, for it will be *fine ſport* to ſee her running round the pond, whilſt her little ones are mewing withinſide of it.

The idea of what the poor cat was to ſuffer inſtantly called forth Mrs. Collins's humanity, and ſhe replied, No, ſir, I can't think of giving the poor creature ſo much pain as that, and ſo you muſt excuſe my bringing her, for I am a mother myſelf, and know the *feelings of one.*

And are you a *cat* yourſelf, you old fool,

fool, ſaid George in a rage; fetch her, I tell ye, for *I will have her*. The woman went inſtantly into the houſe, but with an intent to lock up the cat, inſtead of producing it, and returned in a few moments, ſaying, ſhe could not find the animal.

George ſuſpecting that ſhe *would not*, inſtead of *could not*, immediately went in purſuit of her huſband, and complaining of his wife's incivility, deſired him to inſiſt upon the animal's being delivered up to him.

The cat was accordingly produced, and George entreated the gamekeeper to accompany him to the pond; but at that moment a ſervant appeared with a meſſage from ſir George, that demanded his immediate attendance; and, not being able to wait until his return, he haſtened to the pond with the cat under one arm, and the kittens under the other.

It was with the utmoſt difficulty

George

George could convey the unfortunate animal to the ſpot deſtined for the purpoſe of torturing her feelings; for, as if conſcious of the miſery that awaited her, ſhe ſtruggled violently to obtain her liberty, and when he put her down, ſhe was preparing for flight, but the ſight of her helpleſs offspring fixed her to the ſpot.

George ſtood ſilently gazing at her maternal fondneſs, whilſt ſhe alternately licked and careſſed each; at length, with ſavage barbarity, he ſeized them one by one, and precipitated them into the ſtream before her!

The anguiſh of the mother's ſufferings muſt have moved any but an adamantine heart; but George beheld them, not only with indifference, but delight. Her cries were melancholy to a degree, and ſhe kept alternately running from one ſide of the pond to the other in all the agony of ſpeechleſs diſtreſs!

At length one of the little ones ſtruggled until it reached the edge of the bank, on which the old cat ſtood with one paw out, in the act of reſcuing it from deſtruction, which George perceiving as he ſtood on the other ſide, haſtened round with an intent of fruſtrating the maternal intention, and in ſtooping down to puſh the little animal farther into the ſtream, his foot ſlipped, and he inſtantly fell!

Terror and alarm prevented him from uſing the means of ſaving his life, which, as he was ſo near the bank, had he been collected, he might have done. He ſhrieked violently, but no one was near; at length the ſound reached the gamekeeper's abode, and the woman flew to the ſpot from whence it had proceeded. George's hat was floating on the ſtream, and whilſt ſhe ſtood ſpeechleſs with terror and bewildered with apprehenſion, he

emerged from the water, but inſtantly ſunk down again.

Screaming and frantic, ſhe ran towards the houſe, exclaiming, My young maſter's drowning! my young maſter's drowning! The dreadful ſound met the ears of the unfortunate ſir George, and, being an excellent ſwimmer, he flew to the ſpot, tore off his coat, and inſtantly precipitated himſelf into the ſtream; and, diving ſeveral times to the bottom in different parts of the canal, at length brought up the lifeleſs body of his darling ſon.

Servants were diſpatched for different medical aſſiſtance; but, alas! in vain: his inhuman barbarity had been the means of *his own deſtruction*, and his wretched parents too late deplored the error of their falſe indulgence.

That was very ſhocking indeed, grandpapa, ſaid Louiſa; and yet, ſaid Albert,

if he had not died, he would have tormented every thing that came in his way.

I believe you are perfectly right, Albert, replied Mr. Dorville, for if there are unamiable tendencies in youth, *wickedneſs in age generally enſues.*

I hope, grandpapa, ſaid Louiſa, you have more amuſement for us in ſtore. To-morrow, my dear children, ſaid Mr. Dorville, I may recollect a ſtory, which, as you have paid ſo much attention to what I have already related, I will moſt willingly give you.

THE ORPHANS PROTECTED;

OR, THE DUTY OF RELYING UPON PROVIDENCE.

LUCY MAXWELL was the eldeſt daughter of a clergyman of that name, who poſſeſſed a ſmall living in the vicinity of Canarvon. He was one of thoſe amiable characters that are at once an ornament to the profeſſion, and an honour to human nature. His family conſiſted of five girls and two boys, and, though his income did not amount to a hundred and fifty pounds a year, he ſupported them with credit, and had ſomething to ſpare

for the unfortunate and the unhappy! The uncertainty of life, and the forlorn ſtate to which his children would be reduced when deprived of his protection, would frequently throw a ſhade over the natural cheerfulneſs of Mr. Maxwell's mind, but the reflection of their poſſeſſing a heavenly parent, who would ſupport them in all difficulties and ſtrengthen them in all dangers, would gradually diſperſe the tender ſolicitude, and make him doubly anxious to render them worthy of their Maker's care.

As ſoon as they were able to liſp the Almighty's name, they were taught their dependence on his power, and one hour was regularly ſpent every morning and evening in ſoliciting his protection, and explaining his divine attributes.

The gentleman who had preſented Mr. Maxwell with his living, gave him a farther proof of friendſhip, by getting his eldeſt boy into the navy, and his youngeſt

youngeſt into Chriſt's Hoſpital; but there were five girls unprovided for, the youngeſt of whom was only eighteen months, and the eldeſt not quite fourteen years. That amiable girl ſupplied both the place of mother and ſiſter to the younger children, for the ill ſtate of Mrs. Maxwell's health rendered her incapable of making thoſe exertions which the management of ſo large a family neceſſarily required.

Though Mr. Maxwell was a moſt abſtemious as well as a very active man, yet he was naturally corpulent, and of that perſonal form which evinces a tendency to apoplexy. He had ſuffered two ſhocks that had terrified his wife, alarmed his family, and called forth the apprehenſion of his pariſhioners.

It was the cuſtom with this worthy man to give a little anniverſary treat upon the birth-day of all his children, for as he conſidered them as ſo many

bleſſings ſent from Heaven, he delighted in teſtifying his joy at the poſſeſſion of his treaſures.

On the morning that Lucy had attained the age of fourteen Mr. Maxwell aroſe with an additional degree of hilarity, and, preſſing the loved object of his affection to his parental breaſt, beſought the Almighty to ſhower down his choiceſt bleſſings upon her head, and, deſiring her to prepare a little treat for their evening's amuſement, declared his intention of inviting his neighbours to come and partake of their ruſtic feſtivity.

Lucy was aſſiduous in arranging the family affairs to the beſt advantage, whilſt her worthy father walked to the priory to invite its inhabitants to become his evening gueſts. Scarcely had the ſalutation of the morning paſſed, and he had ſtretched out his hand to take a ſeat, when his eyes grew dim, his knees trembled, and he fell ſenſeleſs at the feet of Mrs. Johnſon,

ſon, juſt as ſhe was expreſſing the pleaſure ſhe experienced at the ſight of one whom ſhe ſo highly eſteemed.

A medical friend of Mr. Johnſon's happened fortunately to be on a viſit at the priory, but every attempt to reſtore life was ineffectual, and the ſurgeon adviſed that the body ſhould be carefully conveyed to the rectory, promiſing to attend and try whether a warm bed and conſtant friction might have a better effect than air and bleeding.

Lucy had juſt adorned the little parlour with a freſh collection of the choiceſt flowers the garden afforded, whilſt her ſiſter Eliza was duſting the china jars that decorated the mantlepiece, when ſhe perceived Mr. Johnſon croſſing the church-yard with a hurried and diſordered ſtep; but, before ſhe had time to reflect upon the ſingularity of his appearance, her ears were aſſailed with the groans of diſtreſs; and, turning her head

head towards a window that had a more diſtant view, ſhe perceived a group of people aſſembled together, who appeared ſlowly moving towards the rectory.

Before ſhe had time for conjecture or alarm, Mr. Johnſon was in her preſence, and catching hold of both her hands, whilſt the tears trembled in his eyes, he exclaimed, Where is your mother? Spare her, my dear girl, from the melancholy ſpectacle that is approaching? Your father (he continued), your father—alas! my child, I fear he is gone for ever!

Mrs. Maxwell, in the mean time, attracted by the violent grief of the neighbouring poor, who upon ſeeing the lifeleſs body of their friend and benefactor were unable to reſtrain their ſorrows, flew to the door; but what muſt have been her emotions at beholding the huſband of her affections, the parent of her children, and the friend of the unfortunate, a lifeleſs corpſe, and no longer able

to

to ſooth her ſorrows or ſympathize in her misfortunes! Oh, my huſband! ſhe exclaimed, my life! my ſoul! never ſhall I know another hour of happineſs, never ſhall I taſte another moment of repoſe!

The amiable, yet tender-hearted Lucy, conſidered the death of her father as the ſevereſt misfortune that could have befallen her, yet ſhe felt that to be reſigned to the will of Heaven was a duty which he had inculcated with ſo much aſſiduity, that to *murmur* ſhe thought was *impious*, and to *repine*, *guilty*.

This dreadful and unexpected calamity, united to the natural dejection of Mrs. Maxwell's ſpirits, had ſo melancholy an effect upon her health, that ſhe was entirely incapable of making the ſlighteſt exertion, and had it not been for the friendſhip of Mr. Johnſon, and the aſſiduous care of the tender-hearted Lucy, in all probability her life would have

have fallen a ſacrifice to her feelings and affection.

Mr. Johnſon was a farmer of great reſpectability, and rented an eſtate of Sir George Oſbourn, which was called The Priory: having a large family of his own, it was impoſſible for him to make any great exertions; but he did even more than could have been expected, he inſiſted upon Mrs. Maxwell and her children removing to his houſe until ſome plan could be adopted for their future ſupport.

Mr. Collins, the new rector, agreed to pay two hundred pounds for the furniture and fixtures; and that ſum, together with a ten pound note which was found in Mr. Maxwell's writing deſk, was all the widow and five children had to depend upon for their future maintenance.

The underſtanding with which Providence had endowed Lucy was not only ſuperior to her years, but to the generality

lity of her ſex; and it had been ſo far improved by the foſtering care of her amiable father, that her judgment was greater than many girls who were twice her age.

The only means by which Mrs. Maxwell thought there was a poſſibility of ſupporting herſelf and children, was by opening a ſchool, which, though ſhe knew her own health was not equal to the care of, yet in the abilities of her daughter ſhe placed the greateſt confidence, and accordingly a ſmall houſe was taken for them at Canarvon.

As the fame of the worthy rector's benevolence, and the probity of his character, had extended beyond the precincts of his humble dwelling, Mrs. Maxwell imagined, as ſoon as it was known that his widow was in diſtreſs, and had eſtabliſhed a ſchool for the ſupport of herſelf and children, that the plan would be crowned with ſucceſs, and a comfortable living be obtained

obtained without difficulty. But, alas! her hopes were fruſtrated, and her expectations diſappointed: a French woman oppoſed her; and the happineſs of having their children inſtructed in ſo faſhionable a language ſuperceded every other idea, and whilſt Mrs. Maxwell's ſchool could not ſum up more than ten ſcholars, Madam de Raphoe's boaſted of near forty. In aggravation of this circumſtance, the amiable Lucy had the miſery to perceive that her mother's health daily declined, and with all her exertions, ſhe found their expences exceeded their income. This diſcovery totally depreſſed her natural cheerfulneſs, and ſhe at length reſolved to apply for work from one of the ſhops, conceiving *that* little aſſiſtance might be of eſſential ſervice to them. Her application was attended with ſucceſs, and her little ſiſters made the bodies of ſhirts, whilſt ſhe completed all the remaining parts.

This

This conſtant anxiety and unwearied application at length was attended with the natural conſequence which might have been expected; the amiable girl's health declined, the colour forſook her cheeks, and, inſtead of that animating glow that added ſo greatly to a countenance exquiſitely lovely, a deadly paleneſs was diſcernible, and every ſymptom of a ſlow decline was viſible.

The agonized parent beheld this alarming alteration with ſenſations of the moſt heartfelt ſorrow, and her own conſtitution, already worn out with grief and debility, unable to ſuſtain an additional weight of misfortune, ſunk under the apprehenſion of that which ſhe imagined in ſtore for her.

The natural fortitude of the amiable Lucy's mind at this dreadful calamity wholly forſook her, and the moment that deprived her of a mother's affection ſeemed to cloſe up every proſpect of happi-

neſs, and every hope of future felicity. Her father's precepts were forgotten, and throwing herſelf by the ſide of the lifeleſs body, ſhe exclaimed, Oh, my mother! my dear, dear mother, why did you leave your poor forlorn Lucy to the cold neglect of an *unfeeling world?* why not wait a ſhort, a very ſhort time, in this vale of miſery, and conduct her to the abodes of pure and perfect happineſs? Oh, my God! ſhe continued (caſting herſelf upon her knees), why am I ſuffered to remain alone in this abode of miſery, and ſtruggle with misfortunes I have not fortitude to ſuſtain?

At that moment her little ſiſter Emily, a child of four years old, entered the room, and ſeeing her mother's eyes cloſed, and her ſiſter in an act of devotion, crept ſoftly towards the bed-ſide, and dropping down on her knees, began offering her prayers to the Almighty in a gentle whiſper; but, perceiving the violence

lence of her ſiſter's emotions, ſhe alſo burſt into tears, at the ſame time ſaid, in a low tone of voice, Oh! Lucy, you'll wake poor mamma!

The ſight of the child, and the recollection of its helpleſs ſituation, inſtantly convinced the unfortunate Lucy of the impropriety of her own behaviour, and with the moſt contrite expreſſion of repentance ſhe intreated the pardon of Heaven for venturing to murmur at its decrees, and earneſtly beſought her heavenly Father to ſupply the place of her earthly parent, and by the divine inſpiration of his heavenly grace enable her to ſupport with reſignation thoſe trials ſhe was deſtined to endure.

Whilſt this amiable girl was ſoliciting protection from that Being who is known to be the father of the fatherleſs, lady Oſbourn, to whom Mr. Johnſon had deſcribed the forlorn ſituation of the family, arrived at the cottage, and being inform-

ed by a girl, who acted in the capacity of a ſervant, of the melancholy circumſtance that had juſt happened, her ladyſhip deſired to be ſhown into the preſence of Miſs Maxwell. The maid pointed to the door of a back parlour, to which Mrs. M. had been removed for the purpoſe of being near the ſchool room, and then ſaying ſhe muſt run and fetch their neighbour Mrs. Williams, ſhe ſnatched up a child of two years old in her arms, and left lady Oſbourn to introduce herſelf.

After tapping twice at the door, her ladyſhip gently opened it, and perceived a ſight that at once called forth her feelings, and won her affection.

The fervency of the lovely girl's addreſs to the Supreme Being prevented her either from hearing a rap at the door or ſeeing it opened, and her ladyſhip was ſome moments a ſilent ſpectator of the affecting ſcene before ſhe ventured to announce

announce her preſence. At length, perceiving her devotion had ended, and that ſhe had fixed her eyes on the lifeleſs form before her, ſhe approached the bed, and in a voice of the ſofteſt compaſſion ſaid, My dear Miſs Maxwell will, I truſt, pardon a ſtranger's intruſion, when ſhe knows the motive is to ſympathize with diſtreſs, and offer conſolation.

The agitated Lucy inſtantly raiſed both her eyes and perſon, and in a language ſcarcely articulate expreſſed her acknowledgment for the kindneſs of the intention; then, throwing herſelf on the bed by her departed mother, ſhe yielded to the moſt acute and agonizing ſenſations.

For ſome moments lady Oſbourn did not attempt oppoſing the violence of her diſtreſs, and, inſtead of checking, appeared to ſhare her ſorrows; but, upon the reentrance of the little Emily, ſhe took her by the hand, and preſenting her to her

ſiſter, ſaid, Surely, my dear girl, you muſt recollect this poor child *now* depends on *you* for *ſupport*, and, if you yield to this immoderate grief, how are you to fulfil the duties which you owe her?

This appeal to her principles inſtantly had the deſired effect, and, taking the little Emily in her arms, ſhe called Heaven to witneſs her determination of exerting her fortitude for the infant's ſake.

The ſervant had by this time returned, and informed Eliza and Sally of their common misfortune, and they both ruſhed into the apartment in all the agony of unſubdued diſtreſs. Lady Oſbourn was ſoon enabled to ſoften the violence of their affliction, by informing them, that though they had *loſt* a *parent*, they had *found* a *friend*; and as Mr. Johnſon had informed her they were ſuch good girls, and merited every kindneſs that could be

beſtowed

beſtowed upon them, they might depend upon her *affection* and her *ſervices*.

Mrs. Williams now entered, and ſeeing lady Oſbourn, dropped a low courtſey, and was going to retire, when her ladyſhip requeſted to have five minutes private converſation with her. After recommending the little Maxwells to her peculiar care, ſhe took a twenty pound bank note from her pocket, and intreated her to take the trouble of ordering and paying for the funeral, which ſhe deſired might be plain, but perfectly reſpectable, and at the ſame time informed her ſhe was reſolved to take upon herſelf the care of the unfortunate children, and ſhould ſend her own woman to purchaſe the neceſſary mourning for them.

After the funeral was over, which was attended by all the children, lady Oſbourn wrote a moſt affectionate letter to Lucy, informing her, that ſhe had two little girls, the one three, and the other

four

four years old, whom ſhe wiſhed to place under her protection; that the character ſhe had heard, both from Mr. Johnſon and every creature who knew her, was ſo highly to her *advantage*, that ſhe ſhould take her to town, and have maſters to inſtruct her in thoſe accompliſhments ſhe was unacquainted with, that by the time her children were old enough to take leſſons, ſhe might be enabled to become their teacher; that Emily ſhould accompany her as companion to her little girls, and Eliza and Sally remain with Mr. and Mrs. Johnſon, whilſt Peggy, the youngeſt, ſhould be placed under the care of Mrs. Williams, to whom her ladyſhip was to make a handſome allowance for its board.

Scarcely had Lucy peruſed the welcome epiſtle, when her ladyſhip's carriage drove up to the door, and ſir George and his amiable wife both alighted from it. Allow me, ſir George, ſaid her ladyſhip, taking

taking Lucy by the hand, to introduce to your acquaintance an amiable and unfortunate girl, whose conduct has called forth my *admiration*, and whose manners have won my affection.

Sir George addressed her both with tenderness and kindness, and assuring her of his friendship, inquired whether lady Osbourn's plan accorded with her wishes and met with her approbation.

Oh, sir! replied Lucy, I can have nothing now to wish for, but that I may continue worthy of such unexampled goodness, and such unheard-of kindness. But I must be ungrateful indeed, if I ever could forget the obligations I owe you and dear lady Osbourn; I now, continued she, have reason to recollect my poor father's words, who always told me to depend upon Providence in all my distresses, and though he might be taken from me, yet God would be my protector,

tor, and raiſe me up friends, who would ſupply his place.

The recollection of her father's tenderneſs occurring to her mind, ſhe was unable to proceed, and took out her handkerchief to diſguiſe her emotions.

Lady Oſbourn embraced her with tenderneſs, and deſiring to have her things in readineſs by the following Monday, took leave with profeſſions of regard, affection, and eſteem.

The parting between Lucy and her ſiſters was truly affecting; but the ſociety of little Emily, and the kindneſs of ſir George and lady Oſbourn, ſoon conquered the dejection that preyed upon her feelings. The Miſs Oſbourns were lovely children, and ſoon became ſo attached to their *little governeſs*, as they called her, that they could not bear to be abſent from her a moment.

Muſic, French, and Italian maſters, were immediately engaged, and it was aſtoniſh-

ing

ing the rapid progreſs which Lucy made in all thoſe accompliſhments; and by the time her pupils were old enough to be inſtructed in them, ſhe was as great a proficient as the maſters who had taught her.

FALSE INDULGENCE;

OR,

LOST TIME

RECOVERED BY

CLOSE ATTENTION.

CHARLES HARTLEY was the only ſon of a gentleman who lived near Portſmouth, whoſe mind and body were equally incapable of making the ſlighteſt exertions, and who was deſtitute of all virtue, except that of parental affection. Mr. Hartley had originally been intended for the church, but the natural indolence of his diſpoſition, united to the imbecility of his underſtanding, had rendered him ſo inattentive to the neceſſary forms

forms of the univerſity, that, when he was examined for his degree, he made ſuch vacant replies to the interrogations that were put to him, that the whole ſenate houſe were in a burſt of laughter, and he was ſeverely reprimanded for attempting to paſs an examination.

Although few circumſtances were able to make an impreſſion upon Mr. Hartley's feelings, yet this public diſgrace produced that extraordinary effect; and, unable to ſupport the general ridicule, he inſtantly ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and drove down to his paternal inheritance, reſolving never more to behold a place where his character had been ſtigmatized, and his abilities degraded.

Scarcely had he arrived at his father's reſidence, when the pleaſing intelligence of his being left an eſtate of fifteen hundred a year, by the unexpected bequeſt of his godfather, was announced to him, his diſappointment was forgotten, his indig-

nation ſubſided, and the idea of enjoying the comforts of life, without the trouble of procuring them, appeared the completion of all human felicity.

As his perſon was rather agreeable, and his fortune ample (for by the death of his father it was conſiderably augmented), no great exertions were required to form a matrimonial engagement; and, when that great buſineſs was once accompliſhed, he fancied himſelf authorized to paſs the remainder of his days in total indolence, and abſolute inactivity.

Fifteen years had elapſed from that period, without any thing material occurring in Mr. Hartley's family; but, at length, to the aſtoniſhment of the neighbourhood, and the great joy of his papa, the hero of this ſtory made an unexpected appearance.

No ſooner had Charles Hartley arrived on this theatre of action, than his father made the extraordinary reſolution, never

to

to let him be tormented with ſchool diſcipline or private tuition, but to bring him up in that total ignorance of learning and literature which had occaſioned him ſo much uneaſineſs, and ſuch unconquerable diſgrace.

In this ſingular determination Mrs. Hartley perfectly coincided, for he had ſo frequently illuſtrated all the circumſtances of his misfortune at Cambridge, and deſcribed the tutors and maſters in ſuch terrifying colours, that Mrs. Hartley conſidered them as a band of tyrants, who delighted in cruelty, injuſtice, and oppreſſion. Although her character was in many inſtances the reverſe of her huſband's, yet in point of *information* they were exactly ſimilar, only that her defects proceeded more from education than from nature.

That Charles's diſpoſition ſhould have been totally unlike both father and mother was certainly extraordinary; but,

from the earlieſt infancy, he gave ſymptoms not only of an active mind, but of a ſuperior underſtanding.

That he was able to run alone before he was twelve months was certainly owing to the admirable care which his nurſe took of him; but that he ſhould never be ſatisfied five minutes together in any ſituation, after he once had the uſe of his legs, was certainly an indication of that activity of character that afterwards marked his future actions.

By the time Charles was four years old he had not only inſured to himſelf the affection of father, mother, and ſervants, but he had contrived to initiate himſelf into the good opinion of the whole neighbourhood.

Mr Hartley was ſo doatingly fond of his ſon, that he wiſhed conſtantly to enjoy his ſociety; but their diſpoſitions were ſo totally oppoſite, that Charles found any company more agreeable. If his father

father could have trundled a hoop, played at trap-ball, cricket, or any of thoſe favourite amuſements, of courſe he would have preferred his ſociety to Joe Turner's (a little foot boy, who was hired as playfellow to the young ſquire, as he was called); or had he been able to tell the ſtory of Jack the Giant-killer, or Blue Beard, as frequently as nurſe Buller did, he might then have had a chance of attracting his ſon's affections; but the inſipidity of Mr. Hartley's character was ſo great, and his mind ſo barren and uninformed, that he was incapable of replying to thoſe queſtions which the curioſity natural to childhood wiſhed to have ſatisfied.

Though Charles appeared to have ſo little ſatisfaction in his father's ſociety, it neither proceeded from his want of feeling or affection, for Mr. Hartley had a dangerous illneſs when the child was about ſix years old, and he never quitted the apartment until he was recovered,

and then he returned to his uſual ſports with an avidity that ſhewed a deſire to make up for loſt time.

Of his mother he was very fond; and, as ſhe undertook to be his inſtructreſs in the art of reading, he would ſpend hours together in her apartment before his father was up in the morning, for no books were introduced into Mr. Hartley's preſence; his averſion to them had been unconquerable from the time he had been refuſed his degrees at Cambridge.

About half a mile from Hartley Abbey reſided a Mr. Willſon, a gentleman of large fortune; and as Charles and his companion Joe were one day paſſing the garden, the former was attracted by the appearance of ſome ripe grapes which hung under glaſs bells for the purpoſe of ripening, and as Mr. Willſon was walking unperceived, he overheard the following converſation.

Charles. If you'll let me get upon your ſhoulders,

ſhoulders, Joe, I can very eaſily ſcramble over that hedge, for I muſt have one of thoſe bunches of grapes, and ſo it don't ſignify.

No, don't you get over, maſter Hartley, replied Joe, for fear you ſhould ſcratch your legs; but let me get over, for I am not afraid of being ſeen, for Mr. Willſon's coach paſſed us juſt as we came out of the abbey gate.

Do you think your legs won't feel a ſcratch as well as mine? ſaid Charles; beſides, if the gardener was to ſee you, he would give you a good threſhing, and he would not touch me if I put this half crown in his hand; and if I don't get a ſight of his honour I ſhall leave it in the glaſs, or elſe, perhaps, Mr. Willſon may think the poor fellow has eaten the grapes himſelf; but if he finds half-a-crown there, that will convince him to the contrary, and the grapes *I muſt* and will have. So ſaying, he mounted

Joe's

Joe's ſhoulders, and was over in a moment.

Mr. Willſon did not diſcover himſelf until he had taken the grapes, put the half crown into the glaſs, and was conveying them off in great triumph.

Conſcious of having acted improperly, and incapable of forming any excuſe, he ſtood for ſome moments fixed in aſtoniſhment; then approaching Mr. Willſon, and taking off his hat, I could not help it, ſir, ſaid he, indeed I could not help it, they looked ſo tempting I could not paſs them; but I aſſure you I did not mean to *ſteal them*, and there's the half crown I left to pay for them. Mr. Willſon was ſo pleaſed with the ingenuous declaration, that he returned his money, gave him a ſecond bunch of grapes, and in the moſt friendly manner explained to him the impropriety of yielding to a deſire without reflecting upon its conſequences.

Charles liſtened to him with the greateſt attention, and promiſed never to forget his precepts; and Mr. Willſon was ſo delighted with the openneſs of his manner and his readineſs to acknowledge his failings, that he invited him to come and eat grapes whenever he felt an inclination.

Charles was ſo much pleaſed with Mr. Willſon's kindneſs and converſation, that, without ſaying any thing to his father, the next day he repeated his viſit, and was much delighted at being introduced to a companion about two years older than himſelf. An intimacy between the two boys ſoon ſucceeded, and Charles heard with real concern, that his new friend was to return to Wincheſter ſchool in leſs than a fortnight, and he experienced ſo much ſatisfaction in his ſociety, that the idea of a ſeparation was truly painful.

Charles's mind was naturally too active

tive for him ever to remain unoccupied, and thoſe hours which other boys uſually devote to ſtudy and improvement were by him ſpent in ſome fanciful invention or miſchievous exploit.

Although he was not cruel by nature, and, on the contrary, had really a very feeling heart, yet, from mere want of reflection and boyiſh folly, he was often guilty of actions that might have been attributed to hardneſs of heart.

His favourite nurſe had left the family ſome years, and it generally fell to the lot of Mrs. Dorcas (as ſhe was called) to comb his hair, waſh his neck, and pay thoſe little attentions to his perſon which had formerly been performed by his *good old woman*, as he uſed to call his nurſe.

As Mrs. Dorcas fancied herſelf rather degraded by this office, which ſhe thought beneath a *lady's maid*, ſhe did not perform it with that civility Charles expected,

ed, and open warfare was declared between them. Dorcas thought it very pretty to have all the airs of a fine lady, and therefore ſhe was ſubject to thoſe little imperfections which generally attend the character; ſuch as conſtant alarms, frequent hyſtericks, and occaſional faintings: as Charles fancied all theſe ſymptoms of delicate feelings rather *affected* than *real*, he took care to call them often into action, ſometimes by tying black crape over his face, and ſtanding upon a ladder againſt her window; at others, by dreſſing himſelf up in a white ſheet, and going into her bed-room after the family were retired to reſt, and a thouſand tricks of that ſort too numerous to relate.

Mrs. Dorcas had a brother, a gardener, in the ſame village, who might certainly be ſaid to be the only perſon in it that was not abſolutely *attached to Charles*; but the ſiſter's prejudice extended to the

the whole of the family; and as Charles unluckily happened to injure a bed of tulips, as he one day ran through the man's garden in purſuit of a favourite rabbit, the diſlike was ſtrengthened into an abſolute hatred, although he gave him all the money he had in his pocket, and promiſed him *more*, as ſoon as he had a freſh ſupply. The man, not ſatisfied with the compenſation, went directly to Mr. Hartley, and iſſuing a formal complaint againſt his ſon, demanded reparation for the *injury* he had ſuſtained. For this conduct Charles was determined to be revenged, and getting up at four o'clock the next morning, aſſiſted by his friend Joe, he contrived to cover every leaf of the tulips with thick blacking; and, not ſatisfied with that revenge, they cut off all the hair, and then ſhaved a little white French dog, which had been preſented the gardener's wife by a French prieſt who lodged with them.

Before

Before Charles's introduction to Mr. Willſon's family he had never even heard the very mention of *Latin* and *Greek*; but now that he was told that a knowledge of thoſe languages was abſolutely neceſſary for every gentleman to be acquainted with, he felt his *own inferiority*, and conjured his father to let him return to ſchool with Henry Willſon.

Mr. Hartley received his ſon's requeſt with the moſt inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment, and attempted to convince him of its folly, by a full detail of his own ſufferings, both when at ſchool and at college; but Charles was neither to be diſſuaded from his deſign, nor intimidated from perſuing it, and his father's oppoſition ſeemed only to increaſe his ardour.

The going to ſchool was poſitively denied, but a tutor at home was at length agreed to, as ſoon as a proper one could be found; in the mean time Henry returned to ſchool, and at parting preſent-

ed his friends with a book of travels, by way of occupying his time until the arrival of the expected tutor.

Charles received the gift with the higheſt ſatisfaction, and hurried home to feaſt his imagination with its contents. To deſcribe the avidity with which he peruſed the work is impoſſible; he roſe early, ſat up late, and forgot the joys both of cricket and trap-ball; every country that he read of he longed to viſit, and the inactivity of his own life was abſolutely irkſome.

Although Hartley Abbey was not ſix miles from Portſmouth, yet Charles had nearly completed his eleventh year without having rambled ſo far from home. Henry's preſent had put all his ideas into motion, and calling Joe, he inquired if he knew the way to Portſmouth.

Know it, ſir! replied the boy, aye, every *inch* of the *ground*, as well as you do round our *paddock*. Well, ſaid Charles, I have

I have a fancy to ſee it, and if you will riſe early to-morrow morning, we can be back again before my papa comes down ſtairs.

Joe was delighted at his young maſter's propoſal, and promiſed to call him at ſix o'clock. As Charles was generally an early riſer, and always had a baſon of milk as ſoon as he came down, the houſemaid gave it him as uſual, and ſaw him go out attended by Joe, without aſking any queſtions.

As he was in the habit of taking a great deal of exerciſe, he arrived at Portſmouth without being ſenſible of the leaſt fatigue, and beheld a ſcene that called forth his aſtoniſhment, admiration, and delight.

The ſhips, docks, arſenals, ſtorehouſes, and barracks, were all objects of delight and amazement; and, as he ſtood ſilently viewing the wondrous ſcene before him, a middle aged man dreſſed in a ſmart

navy uniform approached, and in a good humoured friendly manner offered to accompany him round the dock-yard.

Charles, who was all curioſity and aſtoniſhment, gladly accepted the ſtranger's civility, and, before they had ſeen half the curioſities the place contained, he yielded to his intreaties to accompany him on board his ſhip.

Joe, who was exceſſively afraid of the water, and likewiſe began to apprehend he ſhould get into diſgrace with his maſter and miſtreſs, endeavoured to diſſuade Charles from accepting the officer's invitation; but, eager to indulge the impulſe of the moment, and delighted at the opportunity of gratifying his curioſity, he was wholly inattentive to all that was ſaid to him, and, deſiring Joe to await his return, he ſtepped into a boat which his companion hailed, and was on board the ſhip in leſs than ten minutes.

Joſeph continued ſauntering about the dock-

dock-yard for ſome time, and at length ſeated himſelf upon ſome planks of timber, impatient for his *young maſter's* return, and dreading the reſentment of his *old one*. In this agitated ſtate of mind, how muſt his terrors have increaſed at perceiving a ſudden darkneſs overſpread the ſky, and hearing the mariners declare there was every appearance of a *violent tempeſt*. 'Twas in vain that he ran to the ſpot from which his young maſter had embarked in the hopes of ſeeing him return; not a ſingle boat was perceived in action, and the ſailors were buſily engaged in making *faſt* their *moorings*. The gathering ſtorm ſoon burſt over his head, loud peals of thunder were ſucceeded by vivid flaſhes of forked lightning! The wind aroſe, the rain deſcended, and evening approached to complete the horror of the ſcene!

Drenched with the torrents that had fallen, terrified at the proſpect around

him, and convinced it was impoſſible his young maſter could return, the affrightened boy at length determined to endeavour to find his way to the abbey; but before he had reached more than half the diſtance, night advanced ſo haſtily upon him, that he was abſolutely unable to proceed, and, ſeating himſelf under the ſhade of a ſpreading oak, he loudly bewailed his own misfortunes! He had not remained there many minutes, when he perceived diſtant lights glimmering in various places, and diſtinctly heard voices in different parts repeat alternately the names of Maſter Hartley and Joe Turner!

Here I am! exclaimed Joe, his heart palpitating with joy at the ſound; *here I am*, under the *oak tree!* The lights quickly approached, and what was Joe's aſtoniſhment at beholding his maſter (who for eighteen years had never gone beyond the precincts of his own eſtate) drenched with

with rain, and accompanied by Mr. Willſon, his ſervants, and half the pariſh.

Where's my boy? he exclaimed; where's my *darling boy?* tell me directly, you raſcal, or I ſhall *loſe my ſenſes* with terror and anxiety!

Compoſe your ſpirits, my good ſir, ſaid Mr. Willſon, and do not give way to unneceſſary alarms; I doubt not but the lad will be enabled to give a very good account of my young friend; then, turning to Joe, Come, my good fellow, ſaid he, be brief, and tell us where you have left young Hartley.

Joe inſtantly fell upon his knees, regardleſs of the pool of water into which he plunged, and in a very prolix ſtyle related the whole account of what had happened, from their leaving the abbey in the morning to Charles's accompanying the ſtranger on board his ſhip.

The idea of his ſon's being expoſed to the danger of the warring elements in ſuch a tremendous

a tremendous night was too much for Mr. Hartley's fortitude to ſuſtain, and he beat his breaſts, tore his hair, and abſolutely acted the part of a madman.

Mr. Willſon pitied both his weakneſs and want of reſolution, and uſed every argument in his power to perſuade him to return to the abbey, but in vain, for he reſolved to go on to Portſmouth, and Mr. Willſon had too much compaſſion to ſuffer him to be unattended.

The tempeſt continued to rage with the moſt dreadful violence during the whole of the night, and never abated until ſix o'clock the next morning. The unhappy father could not be perſuaded to go to bed; and, as ſoon as it was light, he ſallied forth to take a view of the ſhipping, and endeavour to get intelligence of his darling ſon. But what an agonizing proſpect met his view! Ships driven from their anchors! maſts floating on the water! boats upſet! and every object that met

met his eye tended to impreſs the idea of his child's being loſt for ever!

Agonized with grief, and frantic with deſpair, he ſtopped every creature that he met to endeavour to obtain ſome intelligence of his boy, and at length he had the good fortune to encounter one of the ſailors who had rowed him to the ſhip. His joy at this circumſtance was almoſt equal to his grief, and, taking out his purſe, he promiſed the man the whole of its contents, if he would reſtore the child to his longing arms.

All that! exclaimed the man, rubbing his hands, and looking at the purſe with aſtoniſhment; why, that's enough to make a man jump maſt high to think of! However, your honour, I'll haul young Freſh Water overboard, and moor him ſafely by your ſide, or never tread the gangway again, that's all! So ſaying, away he flew, jumped into the firſt boat, and rowed towards a large ſhip that appeared

peared to have ſuffered but little injury from the late tempeſtuous weather.

Mr. Willſon, who had riſen early and miſſed his companion, juſt arrived upon the beach as the ſailor had taken his leave, and drawing a teleſcope from his pocket, anxiouſly watched all his motions, and, in leſs than ten minutes after he boarded the Bellona, which was the name of the ſhip Charles had been enticed to take a ſurvey of, he had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him return accompanied by the runaway and a naval officer.

Mr. Hartley's joy at once more beholding the object of his affection wa greater than can be imagined, and lieutenant Anſon returned with his little companion to apologize for the uneaſineſs he had unintentionally occaſioned; he told Mr. Hartley, that being attracted by the ingenuous countenance of his ſon, he had entered into converſation with him, and finding him anxious to diſcover the utility

utility of the objects around him, he had offered to explain them, and, being delighted with his remarks and charmed with his ſociety, he had inadvertently taken him on board a ſhip without inquiring whether he was expected at home: that the ſucceeding ſtorm had rendered it impoſſible to carry him on ſhore, and his courage and manly conduct during that ſcene of danger had endeared him to all the officers, and it was their united wiſh that Mr. Hartley would ſuffer him to become a ſailor.

Suffer him to become a ſailor, ſir! exclaimed Mr. Hartley, why I would much ſooner make him a ſhoe-black! My very exiſtence depends upon his ſociety, and my life would fall a ſacrifice if I was deprived of it.

As to your making your ſon a ſailor, my good ſir, ſaid Mr. Willſon, that is a mode of life I ſhould not think of recommending; but let me have the pleaſure of

of convincing you that it is your duty as a parent to render him fit to fill ſome one ſtation in life with honour to himſelf, and credit to his father. From ſome ſtrange prejudice, or ſome private pique, you ſeem to have an averſion both to *ſcience* and *information*; but Providence has bleſt you with a ſon, Mr Hartley, whoſe ſuperiority of abilities and ardency of imagination abſolutely require a conſtant exertion, and if you do not take the trouble of turning them into their proper channel, you will convert that into a misfortune, which might have proved a real bleſſing

So you will, papa, ſaid Charles; and I am ſure I underſtand what Mr. Willſon means: I ſhould like to be a ſailor, to be ſure; and ſo I told Mr. Anſon, becauſe then I always ſhould have ſomething to do; but I would much rather go to Wincheſter, becauſe then I might get befor boys that are older than myſelf, for Henry

ſays

ſays, thoſe who have a mind to fag may always get forward at Wincheſter.

Well, well, we'll think about it, ſaid Mr. Hartley, for if you will puzzle your brain with Latin and Greek, you e'en muſt; but, remember, I'll quit Hartley Abbey, and take houſe at Wincheſter, for I would not ſleep another night without you to become maſter of the univerſe.

The plan of taking a houſe at Wincheſter was immediately adopted, and at the ſame time a diſtant relation of Mr. Willſon's arrived in the country for the benefit of the air. This gentleman was one of the principle aſſiſtants at Wincheſter ſchool, and being delighted with the natural ſuperiority of Charles Hartley's underſtanding, undertook to prepare him for his admiſſion into the ſchool; and in the courſe of three months cloſe application he was as completely verſed in the rudiments of Latin grammar as

many boys who have ſtudied it the ſame term of years; and before he had been entered one year, he obtained a ſuperiority over others who had been ſtationed there four or five.

Charles's mind, once occupied in a laudable purſuit, was no longer amuſed by miſchievous exploits, or childiſh amuſements; and when the period arrived that he was to quit Wincheſter, he carried away with him the moſt flattering teſtimonies both of his conduct and abilities; and though he was not admitted into that ſeat of learning until he had attained his eleventh year, yet by cloſe ſtudy and intenſe application he ſoon outſtripped his predeceſſors.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF VICE; OR, THE SCHOOL-BOY RECLAIMED.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

FRANK CRIXTON was the eldeſt ſon of a man who had amaſſed an immenſe fortune in the ſtock-jobbing buſineſs, and who, anxious to throw a veil over his original inſignificance, thought the beſt method of doing it was to ſquander away his money in ſhow and prodigality.

As Mr. Crixton had purchaſed an eſtate not only in a populous but in a

genteel neighbourhood, he experienced much gratification in being enabled to diſplay a greater degree of magnificence than his titled aſſociates, and to maintain a larger retinue than thoſe who were better *entitled to it.*

This principle of *ſelf-importance*, and this proof of a *little mind*, might be conſidered as an *hereditary diſeaſe*, for Frank experienced it in an equal degree with his father, and was at great pains to impreſs the ſame idea upon the minds of his Etonian companions, though it was the only certain means he could have adopted to convince them of his *inſignificance.*

The ample and *profuſe* ſupply which Frank received from his father led him to imagine, that thoſe who were not attached to him by motives of *affection*, would eaſily be attracted by thoſe of *intereſt*; and he was both aſtoniſhed and mortified at finding himſelf *almoſt alone*, in a ſociety abounding with numbers.

Although

Although Frank Crixton was far from being a genius at *learning*, he certainly was a *firſt-rate* one at *lying*; and this propenſity, he flattered himſelf, might render his *company uſeful*, if his ſociety was unentertaining.

Under this idea he forced himſelf into every party that was ſeparately formed, either for the promotion of *miſchief*, or the enjoyment of *pleaſure*, and the boys ſoon became ſo thoroughly ſenſible of the utility of his *inventive faculty*, that they admitted him into their ſocieties for the ſake of ſcreening themſelves under the ſhield of his *duplicity*.

Amongſt the various diſpoſitions that were to be met with in a ſchool of that magnitude, none was thought more ſtrikingly amiable than Henry Burton's: he was gentle, yet courageous; open, yet diffident; generous, yet not prodigal; in ſhort, if nature ever formed a *perfect character*, Henry Burton repreſented it. As

he had entered the ſchool at a very early age, and from the firſt dawn of reaſon had teſtified an uncommon love of learning, he had obtained as large a ſhare of the maſter's affections as of the ſcholars, and though he was ſometimes in *little ſcrapes*, yet he had never incurred a *ſevere cenſure*.

Amidſt the variety of prohibitions at Eton ſchool, that of carrying a gun is one of the number; and Henry, who was fond of all manly amuſements, unfortunately expreſſed his attachment to that of ſhooting in the preſence of Frank Crixton.

And why do you not *enjoy it?* ſaid Frank; do you think if I was as fond of ſhooting as you ſay you are, I would not be out every morning before the maſters were up. But I tell you what, Burton, continued he, I'll lay you five ſhillings I am a better ſhot than you are; and we'll go out together to-morrow morning.

But

But how ſhall we get the guns? ſaid Henry eagerly, without reflecting upon the tranſgreſſion he was going to commit.

Oh, leave that to *me!* replied Frank: I always find people ready enough to ſupply my wants, for I carry the *paſſport to convenience in my pocket.*

The propoſal was too pleaſing for Henry to reſiſt, and the next morning they aroſe at an early hour, attended by two or three of Frank's greateſt favourites, who were to determine to which belonged the palm of victory.

Sparrows and crows had been aimed at without ſucceſs; at length a pigeon, perched upon the rails of a farmer's garden, attracted both the boys attention, and each determined to attempt making it their prize. Their pieces were inſtantly levelled, cocked, and fired; but ere the ſound could die away in the air, a dreadful ſhriek aſſailed their ears, and a female

voice exclaiming, My child's killed! my child's killed! transfixed them to the ſpot on which they ſtood.

Frank in a few moments recovered his recollection, and, catching Burton by the arm, ſaid, Eſcape for your life, or you are ruined for ever!

Eſcape! replied Henry, gaſping with terror, and ſcarcely able to ſupport himſelf; no, for God's ſake, let us fly and ſee if we can be of ſervice! Let us run for doctor Lynn, for perhaps the child is only *wounded*, and *not dead*.

Dead or alive, replied Frank, I ſhall *take care* of *myſelf*, and adviſe you to do the ſame; and, throwing his gun into a ditch, he made the beſt of his way towards Eton, followed by the boys who had been companions in the excurſion.

The moment Henry had perceived himſelf alone, he directed his ſteps towards the ſpot from whence the tones of diſtreſs had iſſued. No creature was remaining

ing in the yard, but a ſtream of blood directed him to the houſe door.

Pale, trembling, and alarmed, he lifted up the latch, and beheld a young woman about five and twenty attempting to ſtop the blood that iſſued from the wounds of a child, and hanging over it in all the agony of maternal tenderneſs.

Is the child *alive?* ſaid Henry, ſcarcely able to utter the interrogation. Yes, ſhe is alive, replied the woman, but whoever you are, for God's ſake fetch a doctor!

The load of horror that was taken from Henry's mind by this intelligence was inconceivable, and flying to Windſor with all the rapidity of a Mercury, he ſoon returned with medical aſſiſtance. As he entered the houſe he was accoſted by the maſter of it, who, in a ſtern tone of voice, ſaid, Are you one of the chaps who have *murdered my child?* I followed three or four of them over the fields, but they

they were too nimble for me; but I think you looks like one of the ſet, and if you are, blood for blood's my maxim, and ſo, maſter, eſcape now how you can. So ſaying, he turned the key of the ſtreet door, and put it into his pocket, and going up cloſe to his priſoner, ſeemed to apprehend he had an intention of eſcaping.

I am the perſon, replied Henry, in a calm yet agitated tone of voice, who have had the misfortune to injure your child; but the precaution of locking the door is wholly unneceſſary, for if it were to die, I ſhould thank you for depriving me of my exiſtence, and if it lives, I am not only ready to be anſwerable for the expence of the cure, but will be a friend to it whilſt I live.

That's ſpoken like a man! ſaid the farmer, relaxing immediately from the ſeverity of his countenance; and if it ſhould pleaſe God to take him, I don't think

think I ſhould have the heart to hurt a hair of your head.

During the converſation that paſſed between Henry and the farmer the ſurgeon had examined the wound on the child's ſhoulder, and gave Henry the pleaſing information, that though it was *deep*, it was *not dangerous*, nor likely to be attended with any alarming conſequences.

Mr. Ploughſhare (for that was the farmer's name) hearing this, began ſcratching his head, and expreſſing his concern that he had been ſo haſty, and then informed Henry that he had ſent a friend, whom he met by the way as he was purſuing the boys, to doctor H——'s houſe, to inform him that his child had been *killed* by ſome of the lads belonging to the college.

The meſſenger of this alarming intelligence arrived at Eton before the doctor was up; but, as he told the ſervants his buſineſs

buſineſs was upon *life* and *death*, he perſuaded them to apprize their maſter of its importance.

The doctor's impatience would hardly ſuffer the man to relate his ſtory, which he did with all the aggravations the circumſtance would admit of; and, after hoping his honour would ſee that his friend had *juſtice done him*, he haſtened back to the farmer's to recount the ſucceſs of his embaſſy juſt as Mr. Ploughſhare had expreſſed his regret at having ſent him.

'Tis every way an unlucky buſineſs! ſaid Henry; however, I hope the other boys are not found out; and as for myſelf, I muſt confeſs the whole, and then rely upon the doctor's clemency; ſo ſaying, he thruſt his purſe into the farmer's hand, kiſſed the child he had ſo unintentionally injured, and, promiſing to return the next morning, took leave of his new acquaintance.

The moment doctor H—— had heard

heard the alarming intelligence, he haſtened to the ſchool in his dreſſing gown and ſlippers, and ordering all the boys names to be inſtantly called over, found that Burton and Crixton were both abſent.

A meſſenger was therefore inſtantly ſent to their different dames, who ſoon brought word that Crixton had been extremely ill the whole night, but that Burton was no where to be found.

As doctor H—— was thoroughly acquainted with the artful diſpoſition of the former, he thought he had ſhammed ſickneſs to avoid leſſons; but, upon entering his apartment, he was vexed with himſelf for having conceived ſuch an idea.

Frank, upon finding that Henry was reſolved to ſtay and witneſs the miſchief they had committed, and conſcious that he would never diſcover his aſſociates in it, thought he had nothing to do but re-

pair home, and be ready to attend ſchool at the uſual hour; but the farmer's threats when he could not overtake them reached his ear, and the dread of being diſcovered induced him to determine upon ſhamming *ſick* if he could re-enter his dame's without being diſcovered. The plan ſucceeded to his utmoſt wiſhes, and, ſtripping off his clothes, and catching up an old hat-bruſh, he jumped into the bed with the utmoſt expedition. As ſoon as his ſcheme had thus far been accompliſhed, he took his pocket handkerchief and tied tight round his head, and then began ſcrubbing himſelf moſt unmercifully with the hat-bruſh.

The exertion of running and the friction of the bruſh ſoon made him appear in a high fever, and the crimſon hue which overſpread his ſkin gave it the appearance of an alarming kind; every ſtep that he heard approaching his apartment incited him to double diligence,

gence, and when the doctor entered it he was both ſhocked and aſtoniſhed at beholding his ſituation.

As the door opened Frank took care to utter a dreadful groan, and to exclaim, Oh, my head! *my head! my head!*

My poor fellow! ſaid the doctor, ſoftening his voice to a tone of the utmoſt compaſſion, and looking at him both with pity and aſtoniſhment, how long have you found yourſelf indiſpoſed? and why did you not ſooner complain? then turning to his dame, who had juſt entered the room, This diſorder, madam, ſaid he, muſt have been coming on ſome days, for the fever is really at an alarming height; I muſt trouble you to ſend for doctor Lynn *immediately*. Oh! oh! oh! oh! repeated Frank, without attempting to reply to the doctor's inquiries.

The phyſician attended the ſummons, and though his patient's pulſe evinced

no ſigns of *fever*, yet the ſuffuſion upon his ſkin, and the acute pain in his head of which he complained, ſeemed to require immediate aſſiſtance, and doctor H—— reſolved to apprize his parents of his alarming ſituation.

As he entered his ſtudy for the purpoſe of writing to Mr. Crixton, he beheld Henry Burton ſtanding in a penſive poſture againſt the writing-deſk. Well, ſir, ſaid he, in a ſtern tone of voice, what is your buſineſs? and what prevented you from attending the maſters ſummons?

My buſineſs, ſir, replied Henry, colouring with confuſion, is to *acknowledge* my *fault*, and ſubmit to its puniſhment: he then repeated the whole of the morning's tranſaction (except his having a companion in his ſport), and then aſſuring the doctor of his contrition, and promiſing never to break through rules again,

he

he ſtood anxiouſly expecting to hear his ſentence.

For ſome minutes doctor H—— did not make him any reply, but fixing an inquiring eye upon his face, he ſaid, And pray, young man, who were your companions in this enterprizing adventure?

Henry's confuſion was greatly increaſed by the queſtion, and the doctor repeated it; ſtill he was ſilent. One would imagine I had given you one of Euclid's problems to ſolve, ſaid his maſter, inſtead of merely *demanding* a *reply* to a ſimple queſtion; come, ſir, I am not to be trifled with, and I have always conſidered you as a lad of probity.

I would not tell you an untruth, ſir, replied Henry, to avoid the ſevereſt puniſhment, but I cannot tell you who were my companions, though I intreat you will pardon me for not doing it.

Very well, ſir, very well, ſaid the doctor; but do you imagine I will ſuffer

my authority to be disputed, or *my rules* to be publicly infringed, without discovering who are the abettors and promoters of the iniquitous design? I tell ye, sir, you were not the instigator of the plan, and *I insist* upon your delivering up his name.

Henry again apologized for his conduct, but firmly adhered to his former determination, and the doctor perceiving he was resolved not to impeach, ordered him to his chamber, giving him ample employment for his solitary hours. Although he thought it necessary for the support of order to appear displeased with his pupil for presuming to disobey his injunctions, yet he highly applauded in his own mind that noble principle of friendly attachment that had been the means of actuating his conduct.

Doctor H——, imagining that the boys who had been his companions must feel too much his debtors to allow him to become

come a ſufferer for *their ſakes*, declared publicly what had paſſed between them, proteſting at the ſame time, that Burton ſhould be confined to his chamber either until he acknowledged who were his aſſociates, or they had *honour* enough to do it *themſelves*.

PART THE SECOND.

WHILST Henry was fagging over the taſk his maſter had given him, Frank was enjoying the idea of having eſcaped the like puniſhment, and having at once taken off all ſuſpicion of his being concerned in the ſhooting party, he puzzled his brain to think how he could avoid being drenched with medicines; when he heard any one approach the room he pretended

pretended to be faſt aſleep, and practiſed that method for ſeveral hours. Upon doctor Lynn's return in the evening, he declared himſelf much relieved by that refreſhment, and aſſured him that he only felt a ſlight remains of the pain in his head, which a good night's reſt, he fancied, would remove.

As the doctor found it impoſſible to diſcover Burton's companions, and thought he had ſuffered enough for the fault he had committed, he ſent for him into his ſtudy the following afternoon, and, after expatiating upon the miſery he would have ſuffered had his inadvertency been the occaſion of the child's death, he gave him permiſſion to inquire after its health, and offered him money to defray the expence of the accident.

Henry's heart bounded with joy when he perceived the object of his ſolicitude playing on a graſs-plot at the front of the cottage: he caught the child in his arms,

and

and gave it a moſt cordial embrace; then ſetting it down, and taking a handful of ſweetmeats out of one pocket, and half a dozen oranges out of the other, put them into its lap, and led it towards the houſe.

The farmer was ſmoking his pipe in the chimney corner when he entered, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, What, my *hearty one*, have you broke through your trammels? I have been mortally grieved ever ſince I heard that the old don had made a priſoner of you, for the doctor told me all about it; but if ever I get hold of that fly-jackanips, whoſe gun I've found under my hedge, I'll leather his jacket ſo as he never was leathered in his life; a ſneaking puppy to have run off in that way, when, for what he knew, he had taken away the life of a fellow creature.

Henry was aſtoniſhed at finding Mr. Ploughſhare had diſcovered who was his companion, and learnt that the owner's

name

name was engraven upon the lock of the gun; and the farmer, upon taking it to him, was made acquainted with the whole hiſtory, as Crixton had been obliged to get one of his companions to go to the man, account to him for not returning it, and promiſe to pay its value if it was loſt. The ſurgeon entered whilſt Henry was liſtening to the relation, and he had the ſatisfaction of hearing the child would be well in two or three days.

During Henry's viſit to the cottage Crixton's father arrived at Eton in conſequence of doctor H——'s account of his ſon's indiſpoſition, and was pleaſingly ſurpriſed at finding him ſo far recovered as to be able to mix with the other boys.

Frank, who had no ſecrets with his father, confeſſed the whole ſtory, and, inſtead of being cenſured for the duplicity of his conduct, was applauded for his powers of invention, and Henry's diſintereſted

tereſted and noble behaviour quite won the old man's heart, who declared he would write to his father and requeſt he might ſpend the next vacation at Crixton Hall.

Mr. Burton, who knew nothing more of Mr. Crixton, than that he was a man of *large fortune*, was aſtoniſhed at receiving an invitation for his ſon; but as his other children were all confined with an epidemic diſorder, and concluding that Henry had a partiality for his ſchoolfellow, he readily accepted the propoſal, and wrote to his ſon to ſay, that as he was fearful of his catching the infectious complaint, and Mr. Crixton had deſired his company at the Hall, he had accepted the invitation for him, not doubting but it would be pleaſanter than remaining at ſchool.

Although the two boys were of ſuch oppoſite characters, yet from the time that Frank had felt ſo much indebted to Hen-

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ry's

ry's generoſity, he had always treated him with marked attention, and therefore, though he would have had much more pleaſure in ſpending the vacation at home, yet he was not diſpleaſed at his father's arrangement.

The boys who lived any diſtance from Eton, either left it in poſt-chaiſes or Windſor ſtages, which were hired for their uſe; but Crixton was too *great a gentleman* to ſet his foot in ſuch paltry conveyances, and accordingly, when the day of departure arrived, an elegant chariot and four, attended by two ſervants in rich liveries, appeared at the college gate to convey them into Glouceſterſhire.

Frank's pride, which, in the preſence of his ſchoolfellows, he was obliged to ſubdue, broke through its barrier at beholding the ſplendid vehicle, and turning to lord S—, who was making a *fourth* in a *poſt-chaiſe*, he ſaid, You want nothing but a baſket

a baſket behind to make your *travelling equipage complete.*

No, retorted his lordſhip with ſharpneſs, I ſhould not be *quite complete* unleſs I could clap a piece of gold lace on the cape of your coat, and let you have the honour of opening the door for me; and, by the bye, Frank, it would teach you a little humility, and at the ſame time remind you of the employment of your forefathers.

As lord S—'s father's ſeat was not more than nine miles from Crixton Hall, he had heard that Mr. Crixton's anceſtors had moved in a very different ſphere to himſelf, and, exaſperated at the impertinence of Frank's remark, he was reſolved to ſilence his obſervations, and mortify his pride.

This intention was completely anſwered, for Frank's conſequence inſtantly dwindled away into the moſt abſolute inſignificance, and, turning upon his heel,

he walked ſilently away to avoid diſplaying his own confuſion.

Henry, who had heard the whole of the preceding converſation, could not help ſmiling at the ſudden diſperſion of his companion's conſequence, which returned with redoubled force as ſoon as lord S—'s poſt-chaiſe drove out of ſight.

Why did you not lead Highflyer, you ſir? ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to one of the ſervants; you know I am always fatigued with riding in a carriage before I get half way to the hall.

Highflyer is *lame*, ſir, replied the man, taking off his hat, but grey Jack is an excellent road horſe, and, when your honour is tired of the chaiſe, you can ride him, and I can go behind the carriage.

Do you ſuppoſe (replied Frank ſcornfully) I ſhall croſs *your ſaddle?* But if you had an ounce of brains in your thick ſkull you might have put *my own* in the boot. The boxes were by this time arranged,

and

and the young men jumped into the carriage, one reflecting upon the likelieſt methods of evincing his own importance, and the other heartily deſpiſing his companion for the ſpecimen he had already teſtified of it.

Every freſh inn which they ſtopped at gave Frank an opportunity of indulging his favourite propenſity, and by the time they arrived at Crixton Hall, Burton's patience was quite exhauſted, and his temper abſolutely ſoured.

The houſe had been built and furniſhed by a rich nabob, and eaſtern magnificence was diſplayed throughout.

The apartment which was allotted for Henry's uſe was more calculated for the abode of a prince than a ſchool-boy, and he teſtified his aſtoniſhment at its elegance: this was highly gratifying to Frank's vanity, and he could not help inquiring whether Henry had expected to ſee ſo *ſuperb a place*; and, being an-

ſwered in the negative, he ſeemed at leaſt three inches taller at the intelligence.

The younger children were retired for the night when the Etonians arrived, and the next morning Henry was aſtoniſhed to ſee his friend meet his brothers and ſiſters with the coldneſs of civility, inſtead of the warmth of affection, and before the day was ended they had not only had two or three quarrels, but Frank had beaten his brother Charles (a little boy of ſeven years old) in a moſt cruel manner, only becauſe he had taken his whip to ride the rocking-horſe with.

Before one week was expired Henry was completely ſick of his viſit, and heartily wiſhed for the expiration of the holidays; Frank's inclinations and his were ſo totally oppoſite, that he was obliged either to appear ill-humoured and diſſatisfied, or become a partner in

ſchemes

ſchemes from which he derived no kind of amuſement.

Frolic and fun he enjoyed with as much glee as any boy of his age could poſſibly do, but *real miſchief*, without any motive but that of doing an *injury*, could not afford pleaſure to ſuch a diſpoſition, and their time was wholly occupied either in breaking down hedges, robbing gardens, cutting off pigs' tails, or in letting cattle looſe from the different fields in which they were confined. For theſe exploits a variety of complaints had been made to Mr. Crixton, but Frank's inventive genius always impoſed upon his father's credulity, and the complainants, inſtead of *ſatisfaction* for their injuries, were diſmiſſed with reproof.

Henry was at laſt completely tired of becoming a party in his companion's pranks, and reſolutely refuſed accompanying him; and, inſtead of breaking down hedges, he uſed to take a book and ſeat

himſelf on one of the benches in the park, whilſt Frank followed his own devices: upon theſe occaſions it was his practice to give the firſt little boy he ſaw two-pence to run to the young gentleman, who was ſitting under a tree, and tell him to fly to maſter Crixton, who had either tumbled down and broke his leg, fallen into a ditch, or run a ſtake into his thigh; theſe different meſſages Henry had two or three times attended to, and as often declared he never would be duped again, yet when the little meſſenger arrived, and, tutored by Charles's duplicity, declared that the young gentleman was *ſhockingly hurt*, the apprehenſion that it *might* be *true* induced him at leaſt to take the trouble of ſeeing whether it was ſo or not; but the loud laugh that ſaluted him as he approached always made him blame his own credulity, and reſolve never to expoſe himſelf to ridicule again.

Frank,

Frank, who ſtill continued his miſchievous exploits, though he had no one to aſſiſt in the execution of them, was one evening amuſing himſelf in the hen-houſe of a neighbouring farmer, by tying ſome of the fowls to the ſticks on which they rooſted, and others by the legs to a large beam which ran acroſs the hen-houſe.

As he entered the farmer's premiſes over the grounds of his next neighbour, he completed his work without being perceived; but the cackling which the poor things made from the painful poſition they were ſuſpended in, attracted the attention of their maſter, and, imagining ſome deſtructive animal had got amongſt them, he ſnatched up a ſhort bludgeon, and haſtened to the ſpot.

The evening was drawing in, and it was impoſſible for the farmer to diſtinguiſh one perſon from another; but perceiving ſomebody coming out of the hen-houſe,

houſe, and imagining they had been there to rob it, he hurled the bludgeon at their head, and had the ſatisfaction to behold them fall.

The violence of the blow, and the torture it occaſioned, for ſome minutes deprived Frank of his recollection, and when he recovered he found himſelf in the farmer's kitchen, ſurrounded by his wife, daughter, and female ſervant.

The firſt words he uttered were, Send to the hall for maſter Burton, but don't let my father know what has happened. Here, Ned, Tom, Jack, exclaimed the woman, run directly to the ſquire's, and tell the young gentleman to come *here directly*. O Lord! O Lord! I dare ſay we are ruined, my huſband will be turned out of his farm, and God knows what will become of us all!

The farmer, upon ſeeing who it was he had wounded, ſet off full ſpeed to the neighbouring town for a doctor, leaving his

his wife to take care of the young ſquire, as he called him.

Ned, Tom, and Jack, all flew to Crixton Hall together, and perceiving Burton ſtanding at the park gate, they accoſted him by ſaying,

Be your name Burton, ſir? Yes, replied Henry, what do you want with me? Oh! there be a ſad miſhap at farmer Cowley's; the young ſquire's eye be almoſt knocked out, and you muſt come there directly.

I know the young ſquire's tricks too well for *that*, ſaid Henry, and ſo you may tell him; and hark'e, continued he, you may ſay, that if he's got but *half* an *eye left*, he won't ſee me with it at farmer Cowley's to-night.

Away ran the boys, and never ſtopped until they got into their maſter's kitchen, when they delivered the meſſage juſt as they had received it, to the aſtoniſhment

of

of Mrs. Cowley, who proteſted he muſt be the moſt hard-heartedeſt unchriſtianeſt creature in all the world; but Frank, who now felt the folly he had formerly been guilty of, explained the reaſon of his friend's conduct, although he was in ſuch agony he could hardly ſpeak.

Well, replied Mrs. Cowley, there's nothing like the *truth*, that's for *ſarten*; and a lying tongue, as I often ſay to my children, is worſe than an empty purſe; but we have all our ſins, and the Lord have mercy upon thoſe that have the moſt to anſwer for!

Her pious ejaculation was interrupted by the entrance of the doctor and the farmer, the latter of whom, after examining the wound, told Mr. Cowley in private, that it had a moſt alarming appearance; the edge of the ſtick had ſtruck the ball of the eye, and the whole ſide of the head was ſwelled up

to

to a frightful degree. A handkerchief was tied over the part, and he was led home between the ſurgeon and the farmer's wife, for the huſband was too much terrified to ſhow his face at the hall.

The whole family were thrown into conſternation by the alarming accident, and when Henry perceived the melancholy ſituation of his friend, he could hardly forgive himſelf for having refuſed to attend the ſummons. The torture Frank endured all night brought on a violent fever, and by the next morning he was completely delirious. The ſight of the eye that had received the blow was totally gone, and the ſurgeons apprehended they could not ſave the other. Henry Burton never left the apartment during the time it was apprehended Frank was in danger, and when he was able to be amuſed with reading, he would ſit

whole hours by him, and entertain him with The Force of Example, Mortimer Lascells, or Edward Barnard. At other times he would venture to hint upon the impropriety of his former conduct, and conjure him in the most affectionate manner to conquer the despicable vice of telling untruths.

Frank would listen to these conversations with calmness and contrition, and declare that if he ever recovered he would convince Henry how much he benefited by his advice. At the expiration of the holidays Burton returned to Eton, and the surgeons remained dubious whether Frank would ever regain his sight. However, after a confinement of four months, in which he had an opportunity of reflecting upon his past conduct, they declared that the sight of his other eye was uninjured, but that it was necessary he should be sent to the sea for the recovery

covery of his health. In this excurſion Henry was invited to accompany him, and he was no leſs delighted at ſeeing his friend able to walk about, than he was in obſerving the total alteration in his ſentiments; he had conquered his habit of lying, ſubdued his pride, and overcome his meanneſs; in ſhort, was ſo altered a character, that he promiſed fair to become an *amiable man*.

I am very ſorry, I know, ſaid Frank, that this is the laſt ſtory we are likely to hear; for mamma tells me that we are to go home to-morrow, and I'm ſure we ſhall miſs the pleaſing entertainment.

I have ſome where or other a manuſcript of ſtories, which were written for the inſtruction of little folks, ſaid Mr. Dorville, by a very worthy old hermit, whoſe amiable manners inſured him the affection of all who knew him, and if I

can find them amongſt my hoards, I will ſend them for your amuſement. The little Lumleys expreſſed their gratitude for the kind intention, and when they quitted the cottage entreated their grandpapa not to forget his promiſe.

THE END.

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